The Christy's Minstrels Song Book

Vol. III.

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In Three Volumes, containing 180 Songs, 4s. each.

BOOSEY'S

MUSICAL CABINET.

THE

Christy's Minstrels'

Song Book

(THIRD VOLUME)

CONTAINING

SIXTY SONGS

WITH CHORUSES AND PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

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Christy's Minstrels Song Book

Vol. 5.

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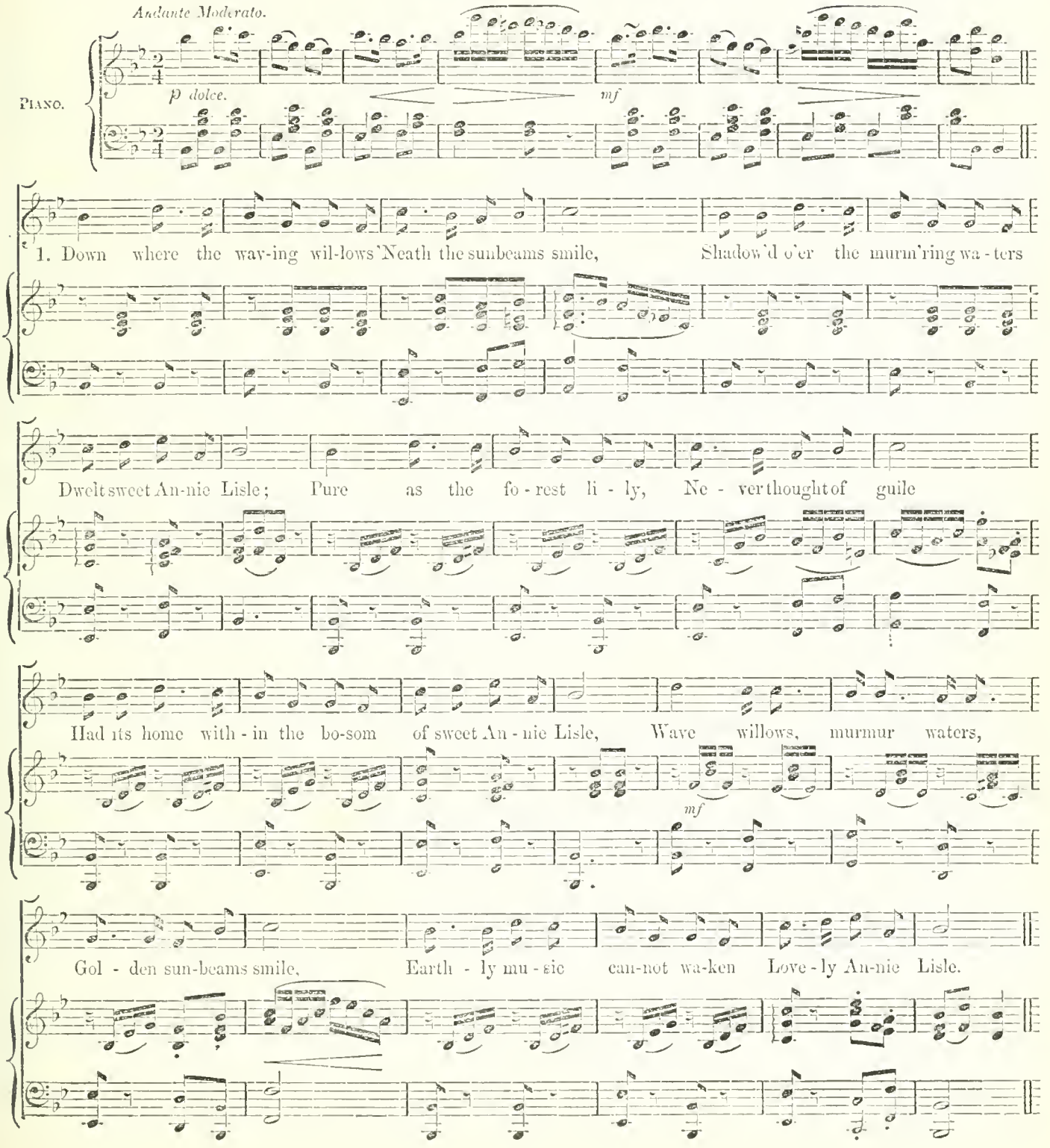
TWENTY CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' SONGS.

SEVENTH SELECTION.

No. 1. Annie Lisle.

H. S. Thompson.

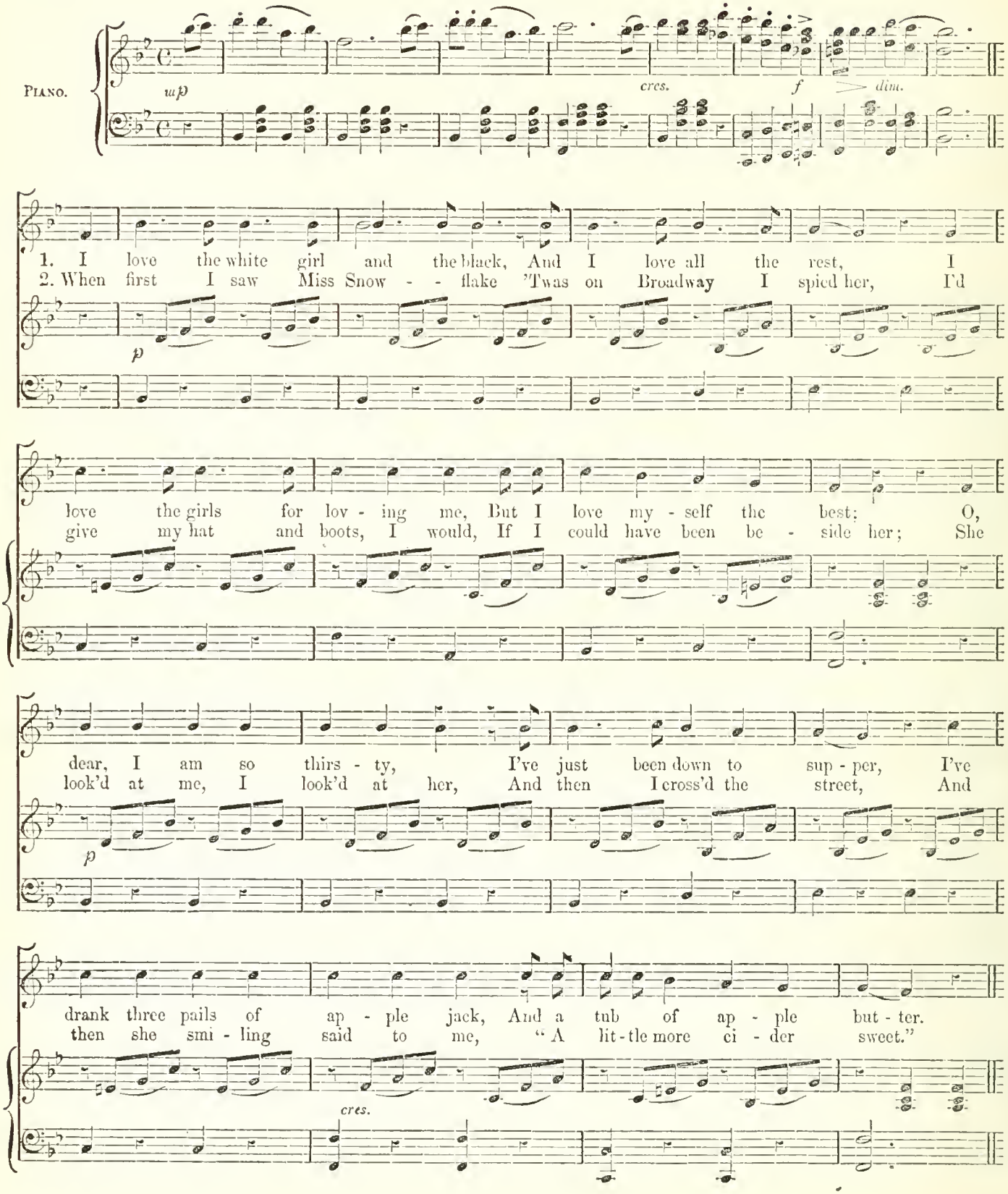

Andante Moderato.
Piano.
p dolce.
mf
1. Down where the wav-ing wil-lows Neath the sunbeams smile, Shadow'd o'er the murm'ring wa-ters
Dwelt sweet An-nie Lisle; Pure as the fo-rest li-ly, Ne-ver thought of guile
Had its home with-in the bo-som of sweet An-nie Lisle, Wave willows, murmur waters,
mf
Gol-den sun-beams smile, Earth-ly mu-sic can-not wa-ken Love-ly An-nie Lisle.

Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano.
Wave wil-lows, murmur wa-ters, Gol - den sunbeams smile,
mf
Earth - - ly mu - - sic can - not wa - ken Love - ly An - nie Lisle.
Repeat pp
mf

2. Sweet came the hallow'd chiming Of the Sab-bath bell, Borne on the morn-ing bree-zes
3. "Raise me in your arms, dear mother, Let me once more look On the green and wav-ing wil-lows,
Down the wood-y dell. On a bed of pain and an-guish, Lay dear An-nie Lisle,
And the flow-ing brook; Hark! those strains of an-gel mu-sic, From the choirs a-bove,
Chang'd were the love-ly features, Gone the hap-py smile. Wave willows, murmur waters,
Dear-est mo-ther, I am go-ing, Tru-ly 'God is love.'" Wave willows, murmur waters,
mf
Repeat Chorus.
Gol-den sun-beams smile, Earth-ly mu-sic can-not wa-ken Love-ly An-nie Lisle.
Gol-den sun-beams smile, Earth-ly mu-sic can-not wa-ken Love-ly An-nie Lisle.

No. 2. A little more Cider.

A. Hart.


Piano.
up
cres.
f
dim.
1. I love the white girl and the black, And I love all the rest, I
2. When first I saw Miss Snow - - flake 'Twas on Broadway I spied her, I'd
p
love the girls for lov - ing me, But I love my - self the best; O,
give my hat and boots, I would, If I could have been be - side her; She
dear, I am so thirs - ty, I've just been down to sup - per, I've
look'd at me, I look'd at her, And then I cross'd the street, And
p
drank three pails of ap - ple jack, And a tub of ap - ple but - ter.
then she smi - ling said to me, "A lit - tle more ci - der sweet."
cres.

Chorus. mf
Soprano.
A lit - tle more ci - der too, . . . A lit - tle more ci - der too, ... A
Alto.
A lit - tle more ci - der too, . . . A lit - tle more ci - der too, ... A
Tenor.
A lit - tle more ci - der too, . . . A lit - tle more ci - der too, ... A
Bass.
A lit - tle more ci - der too, . . . A lit - tle more ci - der too, ... A
Piano.
mf
cres.
f
lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.
lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.
lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.
lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.
cres.
f
8va.
mf
f
sf

3. Oh! I wish I was an ap - ple, And Snow - flake was an - o - ther, Oh!
4. But now old age comes creep - ing, We grow down and don't get big - ger, And
p
what a pret - ty pair we'd make, Up - on a tree to - - ge-ther; How
ci - - der sweet and sour then, And I am just de nig-ger; But
bad the dar - kies all would feel, When on the tree they spied her, To
let the cause be what it will, Short, small, or wi - der, She
p
Repeat Chorus.
think how we would be, When we're made in - to ci - der.
am de ap - ple of my soul, And I'm bound to be be - side her.
cres.

No. 3.

Willie's on the Dark Blue Sea.

H. S. Thompson.

Andante.
Piano.
p semplice.
My Wil - lie's on the dark blue sea, He's gone far o'er the main, And
p
ma - ny a wea - ry day will pass Ere he comes back a - gain. I
love my Wil - lie best of all, He e'er was true to me, But
mf
lone - some drea - ry are the hours Since first he went to sea.
dim.

Chorus. mp
Soprano.
Then blow gen-tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the storm-king stay his
Alto.
Then blow gen-tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the storm-king stay his
Tenor.
Then blow gen-tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the storm-king stay his
Bass.
Then blow gen-tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the storm-king stay his
Piano.
mp
hand, And bring my Wil-lie back to me, To his own dear na-tive land.
hand, And bring my Wil-lie back to me, To his own dear na-tive land.
hand, And bring my Wil-lie back to me, To his own dear na-tive land.
hand, And bring my Wil-lie back to me, To his own dear na-tive land.
a tempo.
p
dolce.

2. There's dan - ger on the wa - ter now, I hear the blon-bills cry; And
3. And as she spoke, the light-ning ceas'd, Hush'd was the thunder's roar, And
p
moan - ing voi - ces seem to speak From out the cloud - y sky. I
Wil - lie clasp'd her in his arms To roam the seas no more. Now
see the vi - vid light - ning flash! And hark! the thun - der's roar, Oh,
blow gen-tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, No more we'll stay thy hand, Since
mf
Repeat chorus.
Fa - ther, save my Wil - - lie from The storm - king's migh - ty pow'r!
Wil - lie's safe at home with me, In his own dear na - tive land.
dim.

No. 4.

Rock me to sleep, Mother.

D. K. O'Donnel.

Pianoforte.
p
fz
1. Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight, Make me a ehild again—just for to-night!
2. Backward, flow backward, oh, tide . . of years! I am so wea - ry of toil and of tears;
Mother, come back from the e - choless shore, Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore;
Toil without re-com-pense, tears all in vain, Take them and give me my child-hood a - gain!
cres.
dim.
rall.
Kiss from my fore-head the fur - rows of care; Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair.
I have grown wea - ry of dust and de - cay, Wea - ry of fling - ing my soul-wealth a - way;
rall.
a tempo.
pp rall.
O - ver my slumbers your lov-ing watch keep— . .
Wea - ry of sow - ing for o-thers to reap, . . .
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
a tempo.
pp rall.

Chorus. mp
Soprano.
O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep, . . Rock me to
Alto.
O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep, Rock me to
Tenor.
O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep, Rock me to
Bass.
O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep, Rock me to
Piano.
mp
p
pp rall.
sleep, mo-ther— rock me to sleep.
sleep, mo-ther— rock me to sleep.
sleep, mo-ther— rock me to sleep.
sleep, mo-ther— rock me to sleep.
pp colla voce.
p
pp

p
3. Tir'd of the hol - low, the base, the un - true; Mo-ther, oh, mo-ther, my heart calls for you!
4. Mo - ther, dear mo - ther, the years have been long, Since last I was hush'd by your lul - la - by song,
p
Ma-ny a sum-mer the grass has grown green, Blossom'd and fa - ded, our fa - ces be - tween;
Sing then a - gain, to my soul it will seem Wo-man-hoods years have been on - ly a dream;
cres.
dim.
rall.
Yet with strong yearning, and pas - sion - ate pain, Long I, to - night, for your pre - sence a - gain;
Clasp to your arms in a lov - ing em - brace, With your light lash - es just sweep-ing my face,
p
rall.
a tempo.
pp rall.
Come from your si-lence so long and so deep. . .
Ne - ver here - af - ter to wake or to weep. . .
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.
Repeat chorus.
a tempo.
pp rall.

No. 5. Softly falls the Moonlight.

F. Buckley.

Moderato.
p dolce.
fp
sf
dim.
8va.
sf
1. Soft - ly falls the moon - light, Let its gen - tle beams Call thee, love - ly la - dy,
cres.
From thy peace - ful dreams. Night's sweet noon is round thee, Chase dull sleep a - way; . .
dim.
p
cres.
See the stars a - bove thee, Keep bright ho - li - day. Soft - ly falls the moon - light,
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
p
Soon the stars will fade, Wake and lis - ten la - dy, To my se - re - nade. . . .
cres.
p

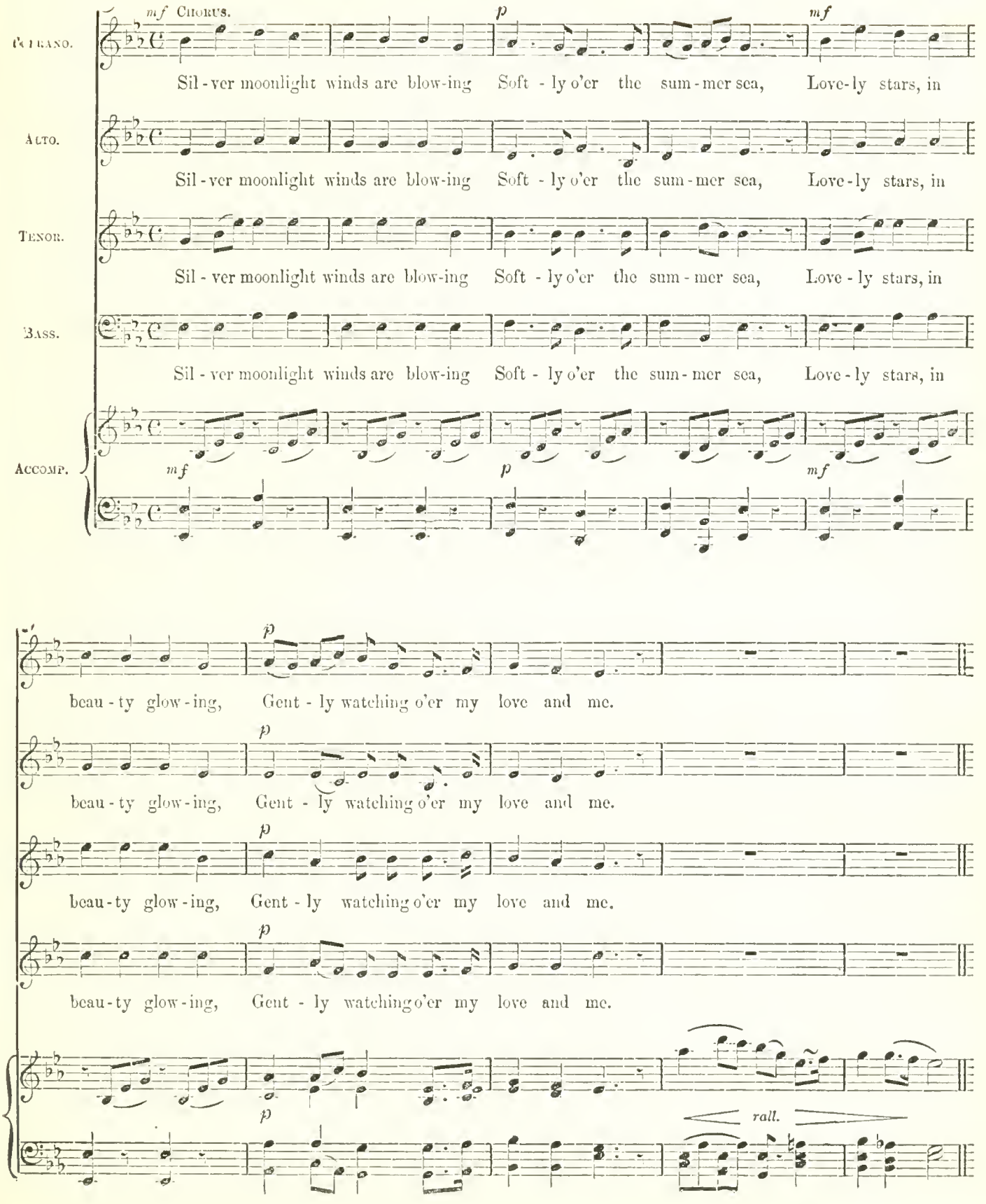
Chorus. p
Soprano.
Soft - ly falls the moon - light, Soon its beams will fade, . . .
Alto.
Soft - ly falls the moon - light, Soon its beams will fade, . . .
Tenor.
Soft - ly falls the moon - light, Soon its beams will fade, . . .
Bass.
Soft - ly falls the moon - light, Soon its beams will fade, . . .
Piano.
p
cres.
p
Wake and lis - ten, la - - - dy, To my se - re - nade. . . .
cres.
p
Wake and lis - - ten, la - - - dy, To my se - re - nade. . . .
cres.
p
Wake and lis - - ten, la - - - dy, To my se - re - nade. . . .
cres.
p
Wake and lis - - ten, la - - - dy, To my se - re - nade. . . .
cres.
p
8va.
mf
sf

2. Hark! the mer - ry mea - sures, Far a-way they float, E - cho but re - peats them
p
cres.
From her mel - low throat. Night is dress'd in beau - ty— Who its charms would miss—
dim.
p
cres.
What can day-light give us, Half so fair as this? Then ere night is o - ver,
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
Ere the moonbeams fade, Wake and lis - ten, la - dy, To my se - re - nade. . . .
cres.
p
Repeat Symphony.

No. 6. Silver Moonlight Winds are Blowing.

J. P. Ordway.

Andante moderato.
Pianoforte.
p dolce.
rall.
1. Sil - ver moon - light winds are blow - ing Soft - - ly o'er the sum - mer sea,
p
Love - ly stars, in beau - ty glow - ing, Gent - ly watching o'er my love and me.
Now we'll wan - der, since the sun - light Has to sleep his man - tle thrown,
rall.
Love's be - witch - ing in the moon-light, Care and trou - ble now be - gone! . .
p
colla voce.

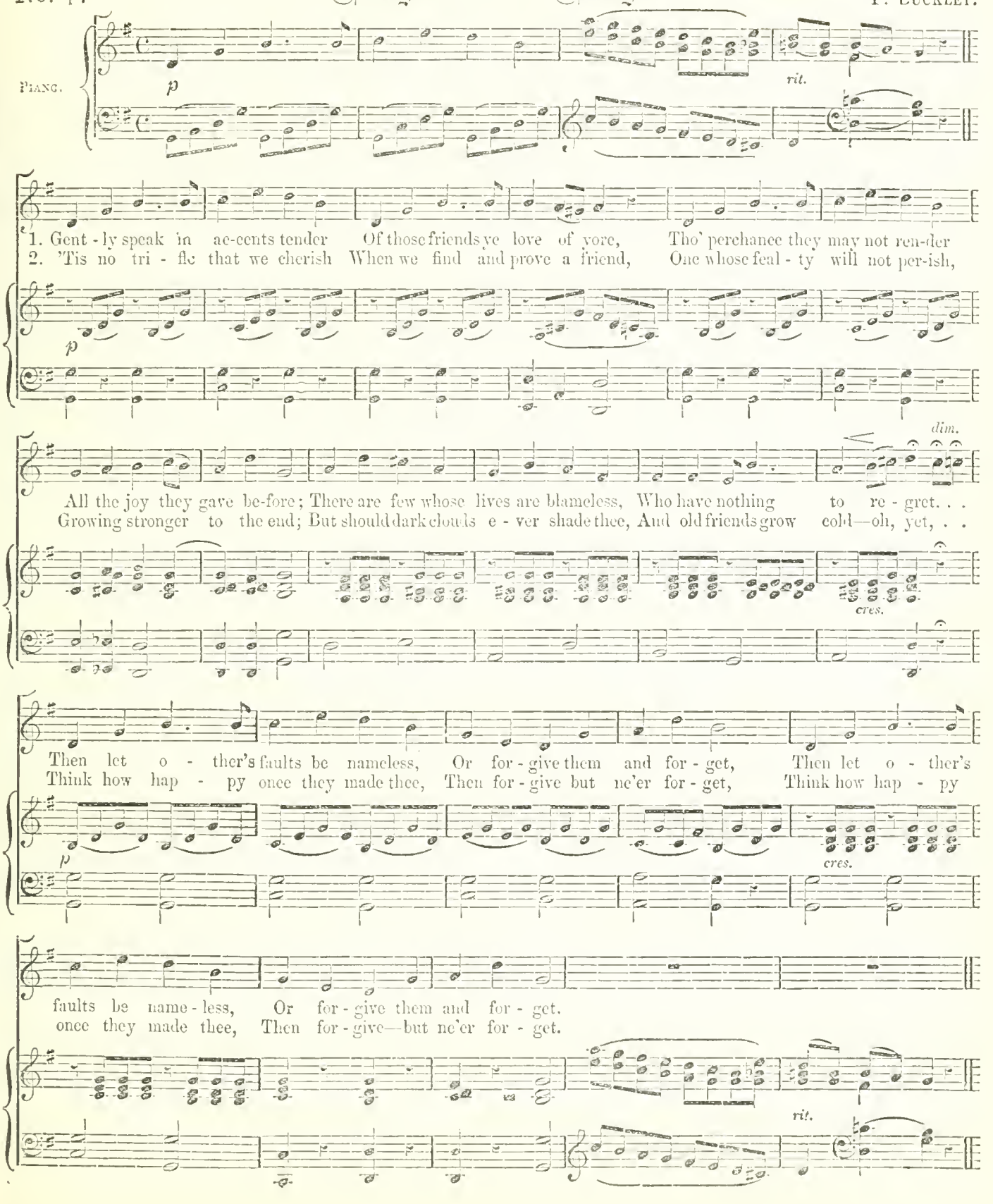

mf Chorus.
p
mf
Soprano.
Sil-ver moonlight winds are blow-ing Soft-ly o'er the sum-mer sea, Love-ly stars, in
Alto.
Sil-ver moonlight winds are blow-ing Soft-ly o'er the sum-mer sea, Love-ly stars, in
Tenor.
Sil-ver moonlight winds are blow-ing Soft-ly o'er the sum-mer sea, Love-ly stars, in
Bass.
Sil-ver moonlight winds are blow-ing Soft-ly o'er the sum-mer sea, Love-ly stars, in
Accomp.
mf
p
mf
p
beau-ty glow-ing, Gent-ly watching o'er my love and me.
p
beau-ty glow-ing, Gent-ly watching o'er my love and me.
p
beau-ty glow-ing, Gent-ly watching o'er my love and me.
p
beau-ty glow-ing, Gent-ly watching o'er my love and me.
p
rall.

2. Gen - tle breez - es, love, are call - ing, Gol - den light of hap - py hours,
3. Twi - light shades in sleep re - pos - ing, War - bling birds are nes - tled now,
p
Smil - ing rays of star - light gleam - ing, Welcome, welcome, darling one, to pla - cid bow'rs.
Queen of beau - ty, high tho' soar - ing, Lis-ten, lis-ten, charmer, to our moon-light vow.
Flow'rs are sleep - ing till the day - light Kiss - es dew - drops from their bed, . .
Bark of love float near - - er to us, Rip - ple waves in star - light sea, . .
rall.
Repeat Chorus.
List to mu - sic, winds of moon-light, Sweet - est sounds to love are wed.
Sil - ver moon-light, bright a - bove us, Watch - ing o'er my love and me.
p
colla voce.

No. 7.

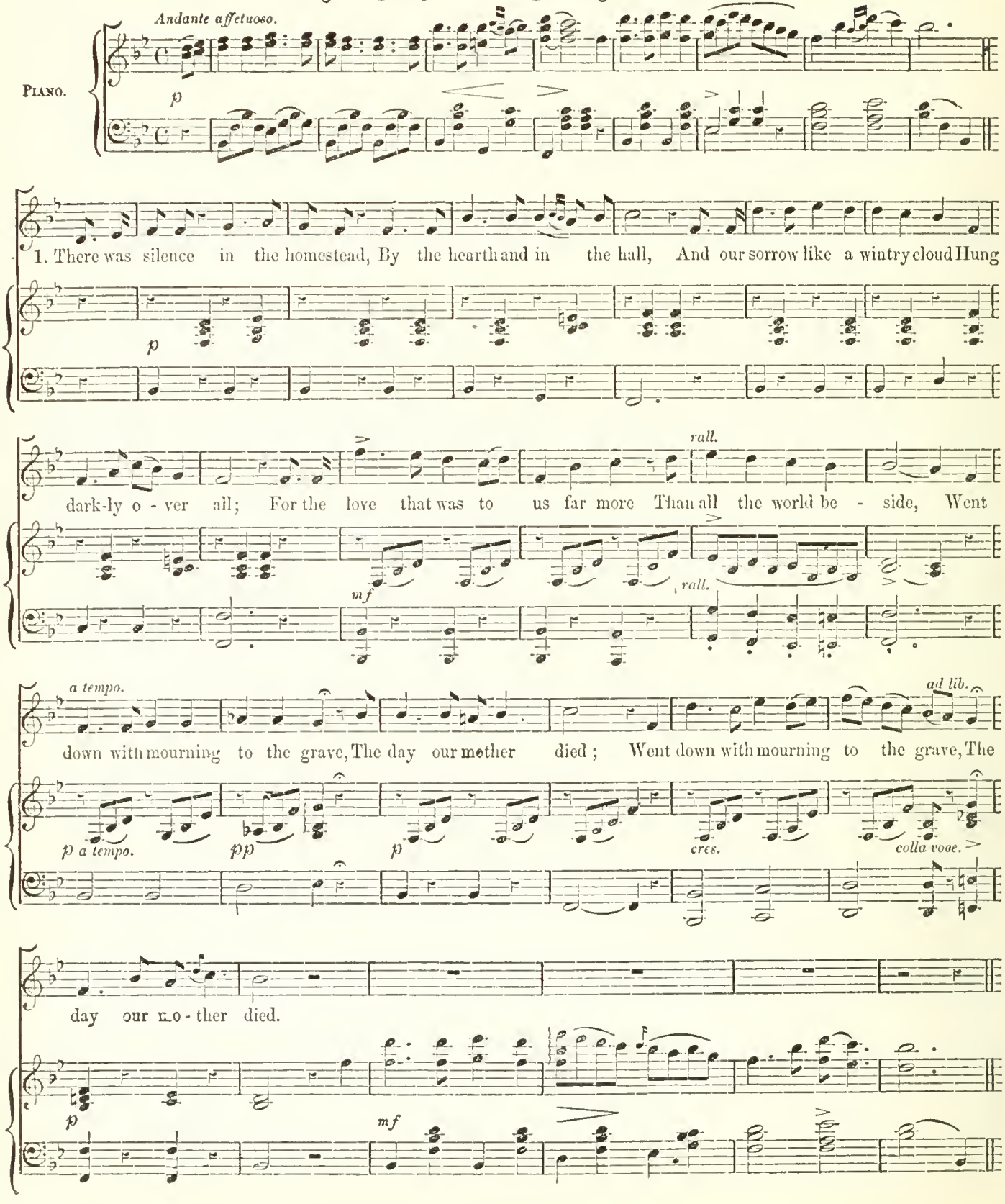
Forgive and Forget.

F. Buckley.


Piano.
p
rit.
1. Gent - ly speak in ac-cents tender Of those friends ye love of yore, Tho' perchance they may not ren-der
2. 'Tis no tri - fle that we cherish When we find and prove a friend, One whose feal - ty will not per-ish,
p
dim.
All the joy they gave be-fore; There are few whose lives are blameless, Who have nothing to re - gret. . .
Growing stronger to the end; But should dark clouds e - ver shade thee, And old friends grow cold—oh, yet, . .
cres.
Then let o - ther's faults be nameless, Or for - give them and for - get, Then let o - ther's
Think how hap - py once they made thee, Then for - give but ne'er for - get, Think how hap - py
p
cres.
faults be name - less, Or for - give them and for - get.
once they made thee, Then for - give—but ne'er for - get.
rit.

No. 8. The Day our Mother Died.

CHRISTY.


Andante affetuoso.
PIANO.
p
1. There was silence in the homestead, By the hearth and in the hall, And our sorrow like a wintry cloud Hung
dark-ly o - ver all; For the love that was to us far more Than all the world be - side, Went
rall.
mf
rall.
a tempo.
down with mourning to the grave, The day our mother died; Went down with mourning to the grave, The
ad lib.
p a tempo.
pp
p
cres.
colla voce.
day our mo - ther died.
p
mf

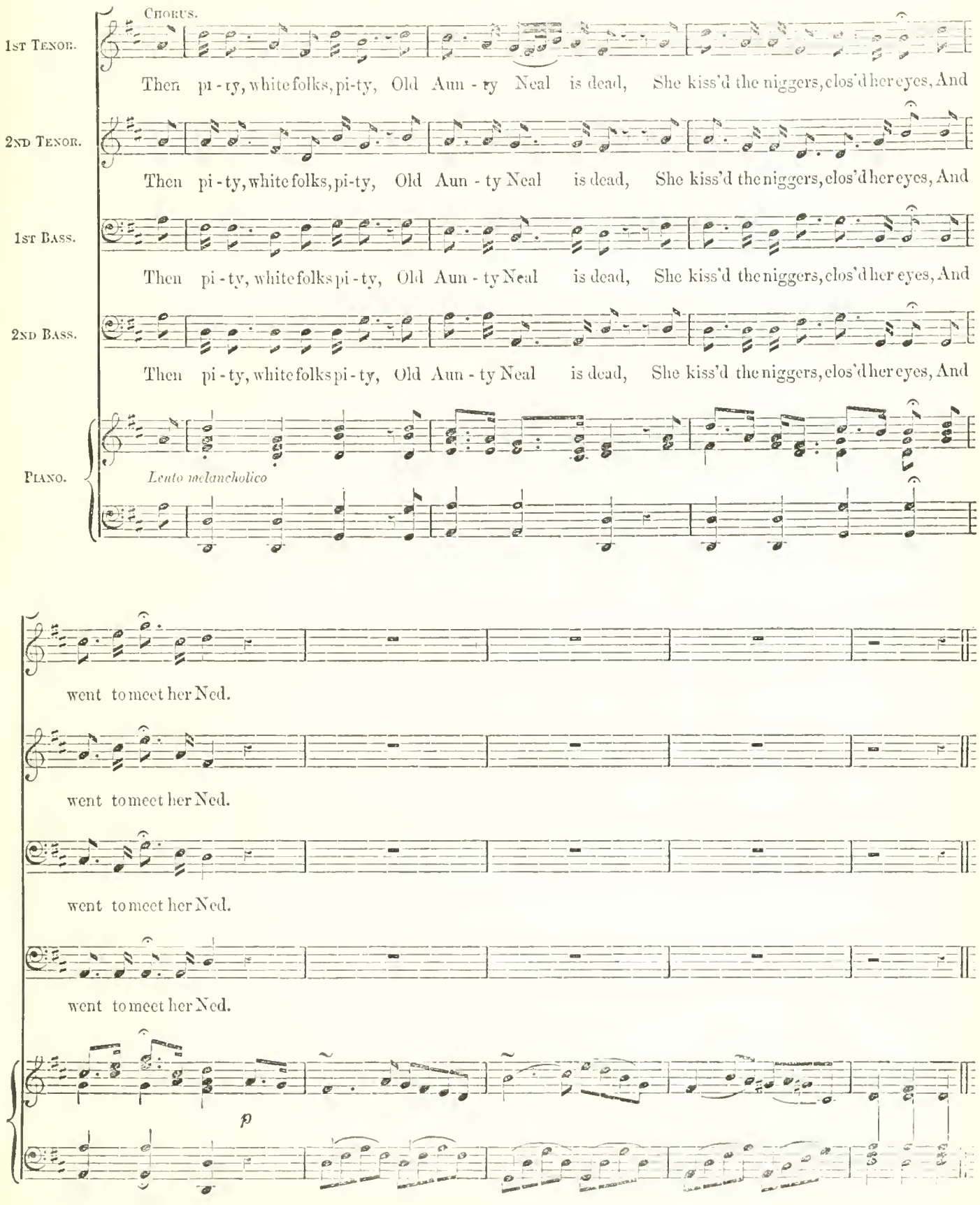
2. We re-member'd how she lov'd us, We re-member'd well the tears, And the pray'rs that guarded all our way Thro'
3. We shall ne-ver, ne-ver meet her, By the hearth or in the hall; We shall ne - ver see her face on earth Where-
p
ma-ny hap-py years, But now her ear-nest love no more Might seek our steps to guide; And
- e'er our lot may fall, But mem - 'ry brings each gen-tle grace, As e - ver to our side; And
rall.
mf
rall.
a tempo.
ad lib.
all our life seem'd dark to us, The day our mother died; And all our life seem'd dark to us, The
hope and sor-row hal-low still The day our mother died; And hope and sor - row hal - low still The
p a tempo.
pp
p
cres.
colla voce.
day our mo-ther died.
day our mo-ther died.
p
mf

No. 9.

Old Aunty Neal.

S. Myers.

Moderato.
Piano.
p
1. There liv'd a colour'd la - dy, and they call'd her Aunty Neal, The fond wife of poor old Un-cle Ned; She
married him young in the old cotton field, But now she is number'd with the dead. Her heart was full of color'd
kindness, And the niggers they all lov'd Aunty Neal, But, a - las! that heart that was all love and mild - ness,
Sleeps in the old cotton field; But a - las that heart that was all love and mild-ness, Sleeps in the old cotton field.

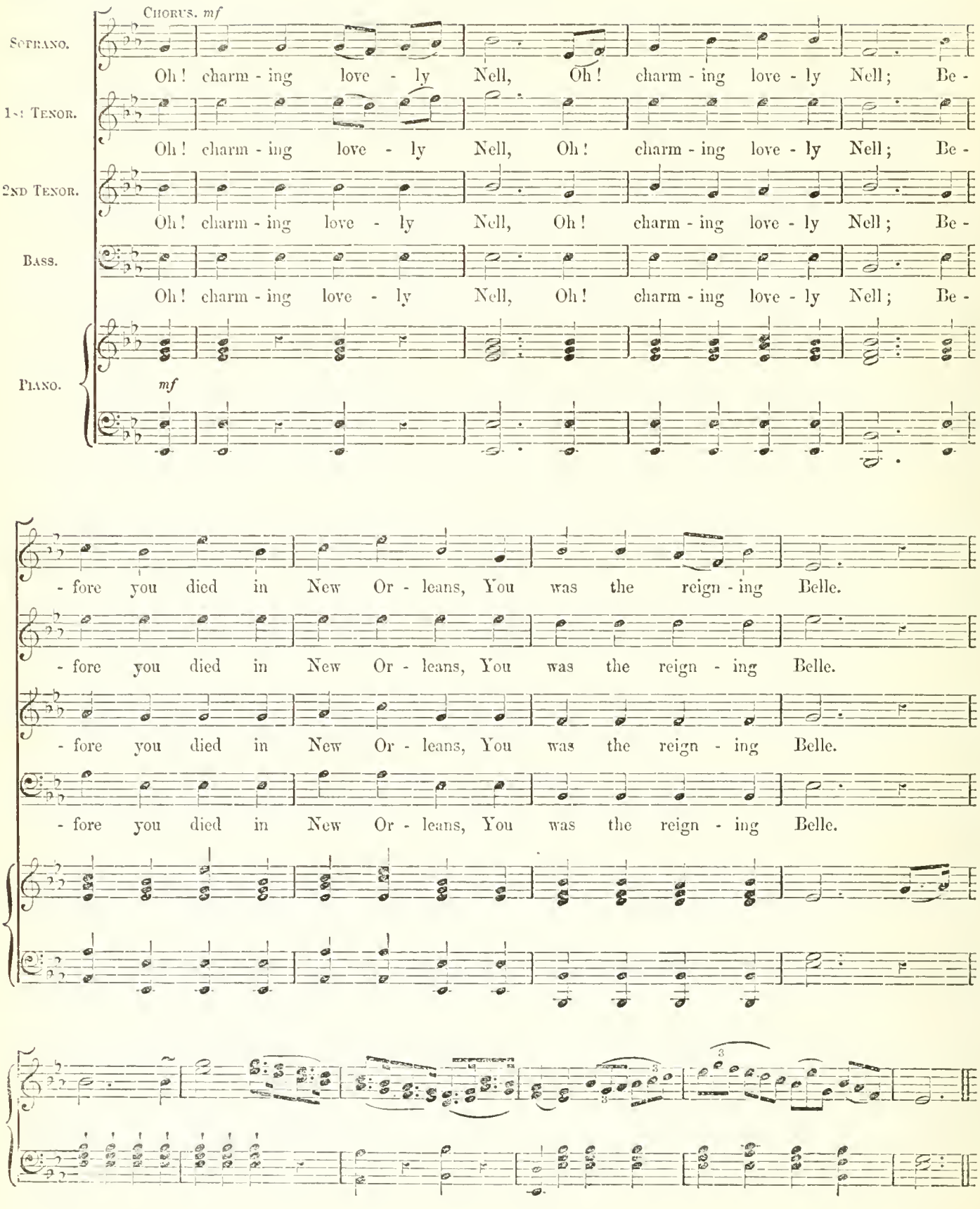

Chorus.
1st Tenor.
Then pi-ty, white folks, pi-ty, Old Aun-ty Neal is dead, She kiss'd the niggers, clos'd her eyes, And
2nd Tenor.
Then pi-ty, white folks, pi-ty, Old Aun-ty Neal is dead, She kiss'd the niggers, clos'd her eyes, And
1st Bass.
Then pi-ty, white folks pi-ty, Old Aun-ty Neal is dead, She kiss'd the niggers, clos'd her eyes, And
2nd Bass.
Then pi-ty, white folks pi-ty, Old Aun-ty Neal is dead, She kiss'd the niggers, clos'd her eyes, And
Piano.
Lento melancholico
went to meet her Ned.
went to meet her Ned.
went to meet her Ned.
went to meet her Ned.
p

2. Her Ned he lov'd her much, but she lov'd him great deal more, She shar'd all his troubles and his joys, A black
3. Time bent her form, like the old for - est oak, And her face it was gra-ven with de - cay, For the
p
che - rub guarded their old ca-bin door, And they rais'd a fine fa - mi - ly of boys; The little babes would fondle on her
death of her Ned her fond heart had broke, And Aunty Neal did quickly wane a - way; When the an - gel of death came to her
knee, And kiss poor old fee-ble Aunt-y Neal, And their lit - tle hearts broke as they gaz'd to see Them
shed, She smil'd, and she happy seem'd to feel, And she told the nig-gers weeping round her bed, They must
lay her in the old cot-ton field, And their lit-tle hearts broke as they gaz'd to see Them lay her in the old cotton field.
lay her with her Ned in the field, And she told the niggers weeping round her bed, They must lay her with her Ned in the field.

No. 10. Lovely Nell.

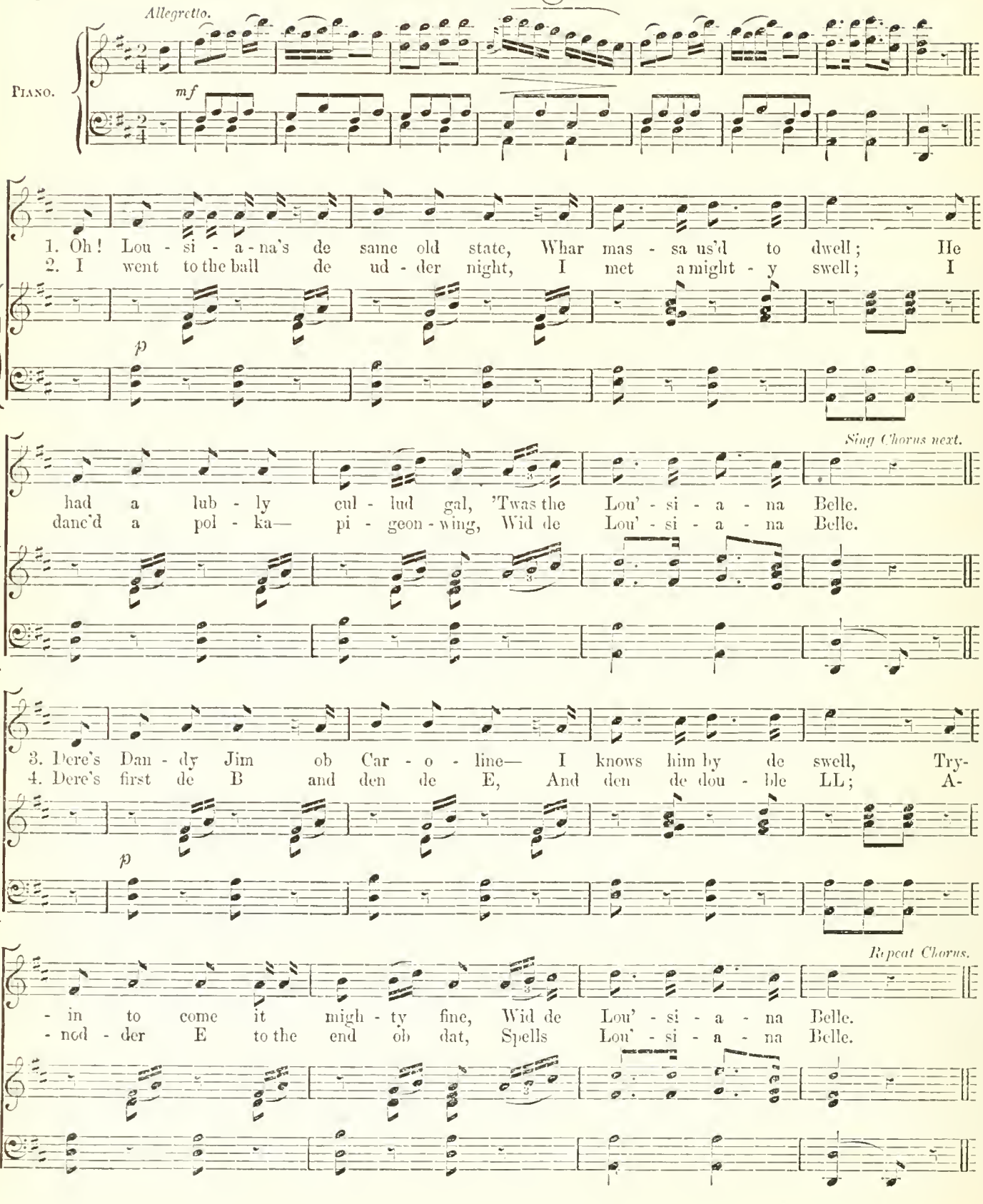
L. H. W. Crosby.

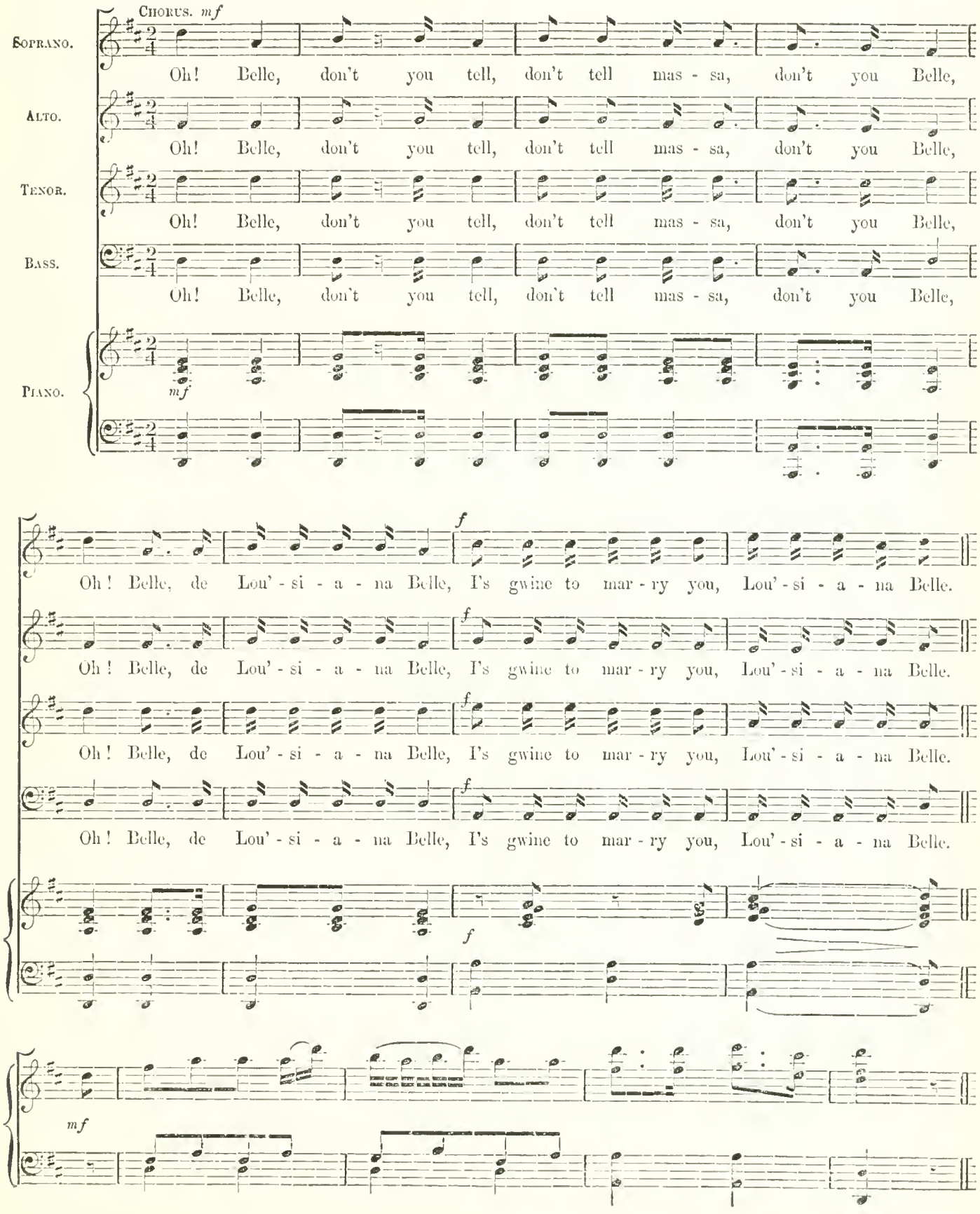
Andante.
Piano.
p
1. There liv'd in Louisi - a - na state, A girl I knew full
2. I us'd to la-bour hard all day, Be - neath the burn - ing
well; Her mis - tress call'd her Nel-ly Ann, I sim - ply called her
sun, But all my labour seem'd like play, So fast de time did
Nell. Oh! she was dear to me as life, So bloom - ing and so
run; For dear - est Nell was in my mind From ear - ly morn till
sweet; Her eyes were like two twink-ling stars, Her fi - gure was com - plete.
eve, And when the shades of night came on, For her I'd take my leave.


Chorus. mf
Soprano.
Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell, Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell; Be -
1st Tenor.
Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell, Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell; Be -
2nd Tenor.
Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell, Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell; Be -
Bass.
Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell, Oh! charm - ing love - ly Nell; Be -
Piano.
mf
- fore you died in New Or - leans, You was the reign - ing Belle.
- fore you died in New Or - leans, You was the reign - ing Belle.
- fore you died in New Or - leans, You was the reign - ing Belle.
- fore you died in New Or - leans, You was the reign - ing Belle.

3. I court - ed her al - most four years, We lov'd each o - ther
4. But now my sto - ry must be told, Al - though it makes me
5. And oft at ev-'ning's twi-light hour, I wan - der to her
p
well, At length I ask'd her mas-ter might I mar - ry charm - ing
smart, Soon af - ter Nell was ta - ken sick, And died of bro - ken
grave, And sit be-side that lit - tle mound, And watch the tall grass
Nell; He showed his foot to me three times, And point - ed to de
heart. Be - neath a tall banan - na tree, There are two sim - ple
wave. There's mu - sic in the wav-ing grass, That points me to the
Repeat Chorus.
door, I took de hint and left de house, And ne - ver went dar more.
stones, And un - der them (ex - cuse dis tear) Re - pose my lost one's bones.
sky, And tells me of Nell's hap - py home. Nell's hap - py home on high.

No. 11. Lou'siana Belle.


Allegretto.
Piano.
mf
1. Oh! Lou - si - a - na's de same old state, Whar mas - sa us'd to dwell; He
2. I went to the ball de ud - der night, I met a migh - ty swell; I
p
Sing Chorus next.
had a lub - ly cul - lud gal, 'Twas the Lou' - si - a - na Belle.
danc'd a pol - ka— pi - geon - wing, Wid de Lou' - si - a - na Belle.
3. Dere's Dan - dy Jim ob Car - o - line— I knows him by de swell, Try-
4. Dere's first de B and den de E, And den de dou - ble LL; A-
p
Repeat Chorus.
- in to come it migh - ty fine, Wid de Lou' - si - a - na Belle.
- nod - der E to the end ob dat, Spells Lou' - si - a - na Belle.


Chorus. mf
Soprano.
Oh! Belle, don't you tell, don't tell mas - sa, don't you Belle,
Alto.
Oh! Belle, don't you tell, don't tell mas - sa, don't you Belle,
Tenor.
Oh! Belle, don't you tell, don't tell mas - sa, don't you Belle,
Bass.
Oh! Belle, don't you tell, don't tell mas - sa, don't you Belle,
Piano.
mf
f
Oh! Belle, de Lou' - si - a - na Belle, I's gwine to mar - ry you, Lou' - si - a - na Belle.
Oh! Belle, de Lou' - si - a - na Belle, I's gwine to mar - ry you, Lou' - si - a - na Belle.
Oh! Belle, de Lou' - si - a - na Belle, I's gwine to mar - ry you, Lou' - si - a - na Belle.
Oh! Belle, de Lou' - si - a - na Belle, I's gwine to mar - ry you, Lou' - si - a - na Belle.
f
mf

No. 12. Do not go away, my Lady Love.

C. White.

Allegretto Moderato.

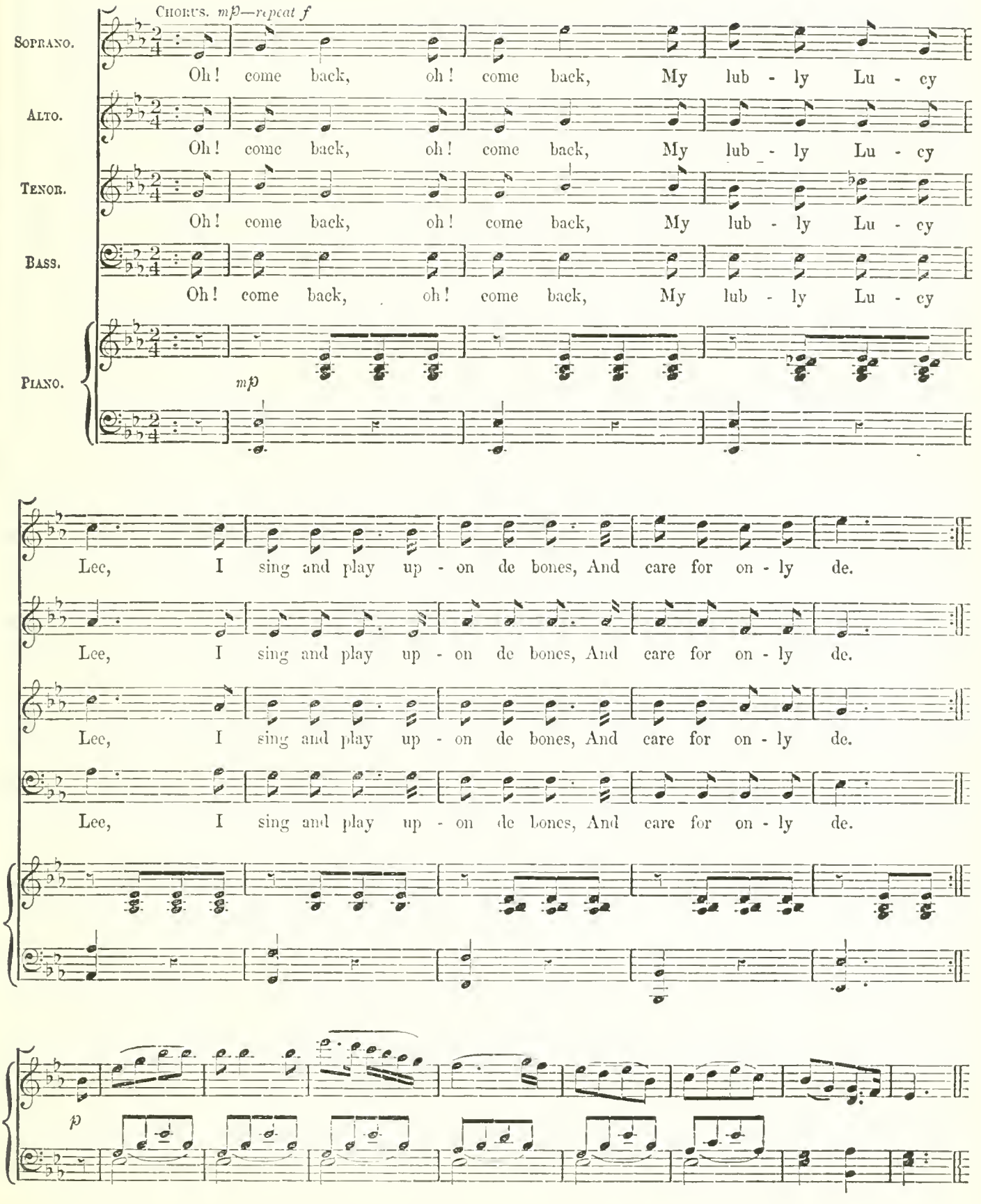
Piano.
mf
1. Come lend an ear, my lub, to me, An' lis - ten to dis me - lo - dy; And
2. Come, come my lub and go wid me, I'll buy a farm in de coun - te - ree; Den
p
Sing Chorus next.
hear - ken to de strains so fine, As all de dar-kies in cho - rus jine.
wid my ban - jo by my side, You shall be my joy and pride.
3. Den we will lib like white folks fine, I smoke de se - gar, you drink de wine; You
4. Den come my lub, an' go wid me, An' we'll lib in sweet fe - li - ci - ty;
p
Repeat Chorus.
dance de pol - ka, while I sing, An pick up - on de ban - jo string.
Den how hap - py we will be, Wid our pick - an - in - nies on our knee.

Chorus. mp
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, Do not go way, my la - dy love,
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, Do not go way, my la - dy love,
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, Do not go way, my la - dy love,
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, Do not go way, my la - dy love,
p
cres.
1st time.
2nd time.
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, But list to de ban - jo from a-bove. play.
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, But list to de ban - jo from a-bove. play.
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, But list to de ban - jo from a-bove. play.
Do not go 'way, my la - dy love, But list to de ban - jo from a-bove. play.
cres.
mf
f

No. 13. Lucy Lee.

W. D. Correster.

Moderato.
Piano.
p
1. Ole Joe he was a nig-ger, Dat neb-ber made too free, A nig-ger dat dey all do call Ole
2. Now Lu-cy when she left him, Some twen-ty years a-go, He ask'd her would she walk with him, Her
3. Oh! now dey are se-par-a-ted, Ole Joe is dead and gone; Oh, nig-gers, lis-ten to me, While I
Joe of Ten-nes-see. De ole man's work was ber-ry hard, He neb-ber lost no
an-swer it was "No." Oh! lub what am de mat-ter? I tink you have chang'd your
close dis ere new song. If your gal should chance to leabe you, Don't let it gib you
time, But al-ways sung of Lu-cy Lee, 'Way off in Car-o-line.
mind; You're go-ing wid your mis-sis, lub, 'Way off to Car-o-line.
pain, But al-ways sing so mer-ry— "Dey are com-ing back a-gain!"


Chorus. mp—repeat f
Soprano.
Oh! come back, oh! come back, My lub - ly Lu - cy
Alto.
Oh! come back, oh! come back, My lub - ly Lu - cy
Tenor.
Oh! come back, oh! come back, My lub - ly Lu - cy
Bass.
Oh! come back, oh! come back, My lub - ly Lu - cy
Piano.
mp
Lee, I sing and play up - on de bones, And care for on - ly de.
Lee, I sing and play up - on de bones, And care for on - ly de.
Lee, I sing and play up - on de bones, And care for on - ly de.
Lee, I sing and play up - on de bones, And care for on - ly de.
p

No. 14. Bonnie Allene.

T. Brigham Bishop.

Allegretto moderato.
Piano.
mf
1. The pret-ti-est mai-den, be-lieve me, Is blue-ey'd bon-nie Al-lene; Oh, mine or my fan-cy de-
2. They may talk of the "dark eyes of Spain," It's use-less to boast as they do; Oh, mine or my fan-cy's in
p
-ceives me, She's the fairest that e'er you've seen. Oh, see the an-gel-ic spell, That surrounds her sweet bosom with
vain, With bonnie Al-lene's of blue. The dark eyes may sparkle as bright, And prove as constant and
a tempo.
f
love, . . . How dear-ly I prize the heav'nly blue eyes That sparkle like stars from a-bove.
true . . . But ev-er you'll find a sweet peace of mind In the bonnie mild eye of blue.
Then hurrah for my bonnie Al-
a tempo.
mf
p
mf
a tempo.
-lene, She's the fairest that e'er you've seen, How dearly I prize the heav'nly blue eyes Of blue eyed bonnie Al-lene.
mf
a tempo.

End here after 3rd Verse.
3. In my boat on O - hi - o's smooth stream, Al - lene she sails by my side, . . The time pas-ses by like a
p
dream, As o'er the bright waters we glide. When spring with her song-birds ap - pears, And flow'rs bloom on the wild
a tempo.
f
moor, Al - lene, my pride, will then be my bride And live in the cot by the shore. Then hurrah for my bonnie Al
a tempo.
mf
p
mf
a tempo.
- lene, She's the fairest that e'er you've seen, How dearly I prize the heav'nly blue eyes Of blue eyed bonnie Al - lene.
a tempo.
Repeat Symphony.
mf

No. 15. Susan Rayne.

E. P. Christy.

Andante moderato.
Piano.
vif
1. When I was ta - ken from my home, Down in Vir - gi - nia State; They
2. They sold me to a South - ern man, I did his pi - ty gain, He
3. All night I sat up - on her grave, And sore - ly I did cry, A -
p
part - ed me from one I lov'd, Sad sto - ry to re - late, All day I wept, at night I cried, Oh!
loos'd me from the cru - el yoke, And sent me back a - gain, But, oh! I could not Su - san find, My
- wake! a - wake! my love a - wake, Or let me with thee die, For in this wretch-ed world of woe, I
ritard.
Repeat Chorus.
take me back a - gain Un - to my own dear hap - py home, To my poor Su - san Rayne.
own dear Su - san Rayne, They told me she was dead and gone, And sleep - ing on the plain.
ne'er shall rest a - gain, Un - til I'm sleep - ing by thy side, My own dear Su - san Rayne.
ritard.

Chorus. Andante.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano.
pp
cres.
Oh! . . . pi - ty my poor Susan Rayne, No friendly voice to cheer her now; Oh! pi - ty my poor
Oh! pi - ty my poor Susan Rayne, No friendly voice to cheer her now; Oh! pi - ty my poor
Oh! pi - ty my poor Susan Rayne, No friendly voice to cheer her now; Oh! pi - ty my poor
Oh! pi - ty my poor Susan Rayne, No friendly voice to cheer her now; Oh! pi - ty my poor
f
pp
Su - san Rayne, She'll ne - ver smile a - gain.
Su - san Rayne, She'll ne - ver smile a - gain.
Su - san Rayne, She'll ne - ver smile a - gain.
Su - san Rayne, She'll ne - ver smile a - gain.
f
pp
f
pp

No. 16. Nellie Brawn.

BRIGHAM BISHOP.

Moderato.
PIANO.
mf
1. I'm sit - ting now beneath the tall yew tree, Where I have of - ten sat be - fore — . . With Nel-lie Brawn my
2. Methinks I hear a voice sweet and low, Chanting some well known melo - dy, . . . I know 'tis murmur'd
3. The corn is shuck'd the cotton's gather'd in, All of the summer's work is o'er, . . . The ho - li-day's they
p
dark Kentucky bride; But she will come a-gain no more. . . . She has gone a - way from me
by an an-gel bright, Who ve - ry soon will come for me. . . . . I am lone - ly Nel - lie dear,
now will soon be- gin, But I am hap-py here no more. . . I have said fare-well to all, The
Now to dwell a - bove, And left me here to drop a si-lent tear, Mourning for her, my an - gel love.
Wait-ing here for thee, And tear drops fall, as o'er your grave I kneel, Watching beneath the tall yew tree.
cot - ton and the corn, And soon shall leave this lonely world of care, To join my dar - ling Nel-lie Brawn.

Chorus. mf
Soprano.
Poor Nellie Brawn, Both night and morn I take my banjo down to play, ...
Alto.
Poor Nellie Brawn, Both night and morn I take my banjo down to play, ...
Tenor.
Poor Nellie Brawn, Both night and morn I take my banjo down to play, ...
Bass.
Poor Nellie Brawn, Both night and morn I take my banjo down to play, ...
Piano.
mf
And, oh! I weep When I think you sleep, And ne-ver more will cheer me on my way. . . . . .
And, oh! I weep When I think you sleep, And ne-ver more will cheer me on my way. . . . . .
And, oh! I weep When I think you sleep, And ne-ver more will cheer me on my way. . . . . .
And, oh! I weep When I think you sleep, And ne-ver more will cheer me on my way. . . . . .
8va.
mf

No. 17.

Gentle Millie Gay.

T. B. Bishop.

Allegretto.
Piano.
1. There's a lit-tle cottage standing in my far off sunny home, Where my boyhood's happy hours pass'd a-way; While
2. I'm sighing for the tone of my far off sunny home, As the birdling for the love song of May; For the
p
Sing Chorus next.
roam-ing in the grove, And singing songs of love, With my own . . my gen-tle Mil-lie Gay. . .
mu-sic e - ver miss'd in my path as I roam, For the ca - rol of my gen-tle Mil-lie Gay. . .
3. I'm go-ing to taste the joys of my far off sunny home, Where the waters of the Mis-sis-sip-pi play, There to
4. Oh, when I reach the groves of that joyous happy home, From my Mil-lie dear ne-ver more to stray, I'll
p
Repeat Chorus.
wile life's hap-py hours and ne - ver more to roam From my home and my gen-tle Mil-lie Gay. . .
touch my sweet guitar, while her eyes do sparkle bright With the love, with the love of Mil-lie Gay. . .

mf CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
My dear old home, my far off sunny home, Standing on the Mississippi's side, I'll
ALTO.
My dear old home, my far off sunny home, Standing on the Mississippi's side, I'll
TENOR.
My dear old home, my far off sunny home, Standing on the Mississippi's side, I'll
BASS.
My dear old home, my far off sunny home, Standing on the Mississippi's side, I'll
BASS.
mf
soon re-turn to thee, and hap-py will I be When I take my gen-tle Mil-lie for my bride.
soon re-turn to thee, and hap-py will I be When I take my gen-tle Mil-lie for my bride.
soon re-turn to thee, and hap-py will I be When I take my gen-tle Mil-lie for my bride.
soon re-turn to thee, and hap-py will I be When I take my gen-tle Mil-lie for my bride.

No. 18. Gentle Hallie.

E. St. John.

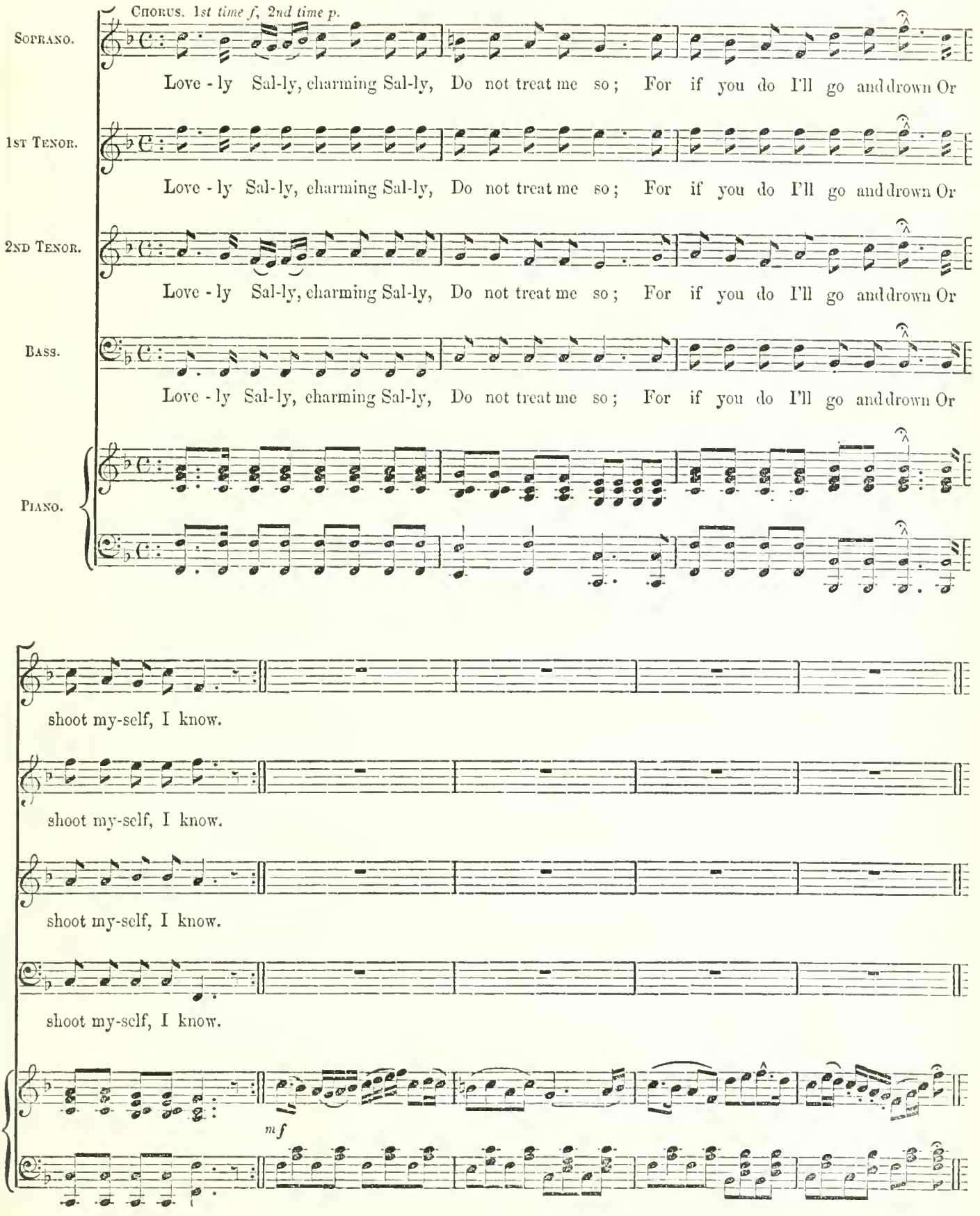
8va
Allegretto.
Piano.
mf
ff
1. The sun has set in the west, The moon is climbing the hill, . . The old clock's striking the
2. There's a charm in ev'-ry thing near, The sky, the earth, and the sea, But my thoughts turn a-way from
3. When the slumb'ring sea lies still, Unstirr'd by the bree - zes' breath, And its still - ness al - most
hour, . . We promis'd to meet by the mill; . . I must bid her a long fare - well, . . And
those, . . And lov - ing - ly go to thee; . . The love that I che-rish for them . . Is
seems . . The pulse - less calm of death, . . When I am far, far a - way, . . Wher-
cres.
oh, 'twill be with a sigh, As I watch by the pale moon - light, . . The tears that fall from her eye.
deep as such love can be; . . But deep as it is, is weak and faint Com - par'd with my love for thee.
e'er my bark may be, . . As the soft balmy air glides a - long, . . May it bring some tidings of thee.

Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano.
sf
Weep no more, gentle Hallie, Let no teardrop fall for me, The stars will twinkle one by
Weep no more, gentle Hallie, Let no teardrop fall for me, The stars will twinkle one by
Weep no more, gentle Hallie, Let no teardrop fall for me, The stars will twinkle
Weep no more, gentle Hallie, Let no teardrop fall for me, The stars will twinkle
one, And guide my bark safe o'er the sea. Deep sea, Deep . . sea.
one, one by one, And guide my bark safe o'er the sea. Deep sea, Deep sea.
one by one, And guide my bark safe o'er the sea. Deep sea, Deep sea.
one by one, And guide my bark safe o'er the sea. Deep sea. Deep sea.
mf
f

No. 19. Sally Primer.

S. Hamill.

Allegro moderato.
Piano.
mf
cres.
1. I court-ed Sal-ly Prim - er, a lit - tle while a - go, I
2. I took my Sal-ly walk-ing out one plea - sant af - ter-noon, And
3. To make her presents, I took and pawn'd the coat from off my back, And
4. She ax'd me for to take her up to see the Crys-tal Pal-ace So
fz
p
thought we were ex - act - ly match'd, But found it was no go; I told her I would hang my - self, If she
down Broadway we went so gay, To Tay - lor's new sa - loon; I read the bill of fare and ask'd, What
when she got them all, she took, And gave poor me the sack; They say she's got an - o - ther beau, And
rais'd a dol - lar from a friend, And up we went so galus; When we got in she sent me home, Be-
did - ent mar - ry me, She smil - ing turn'd to me and said, "Marry you! Why no, sir - ee."
will you have my dear? She eat three stews, and six ice creams, And a quart of la - ger beer.
sweet - ly smiles up - on him, But if he e - ver mar - ries her, May good-ness have mer - cy on him.
- fore I could look about, And walk'd off with that co - lor'd gent, The dark who cut me out.


Chorus. 1st time f, 2nd time p.
Soprano.
Love - ly Sal-ly, charming Sal-ly, Do not treat me so; For if you do I'll go and drown Or
1st Tenor.
Love - ly Sal-ly, charming Sal-ly, Do not treat me so; For if you do I'll go and drown Or
2nd Tenor.
Love - ly Sal-ly, charming Sal-ly, Do not treat me so; For if you do I'll go and drown Or
Bass.
Love - ly Sal-ly, charming Sal-ly, Do not treat me so; For if you do I'll go and drown Or
Piano.
shoot my-self, I know.
shoot my-self, I know.
shoot my-self, I know.
shoot my-self, I know.
mf

No. 20. De Ole Kitchen.

F. W. Smith.

Piano.
mf
1. Ob all de place I eb - ber see, De Kit - chen is de place for me; Sweet
p
Sing Chorus next.
ta - ter dar and sop is found, An' dar de bread and meat a - bound. Oh!
2. De kit - chen's war de pot bile sure, Dat make dar whar I lub to go, And
3. Dar's Pol - ly, too, de wait - in' maid, She 'tend like she is mon - strous 'fraid, But I
p
Repeat Chorus.
'sides de bread, de meat an' all, De cook she am a poo - ty gal. Oh!
know de gal's in lub wid me! And Lawd! no won - der she should be! Oh!

Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Accomp.
f
mf
Poke de fire, poke! See d'ole chim - ney smoke, Den
'com-pa - ny dat song wid de sho-vel an' de tong, And made it jin - gle din - gle all dis lub - ly night long.
'com-pa - ny dat song wid de sho-vel an' de tong, And made it jin - gle din - gle all dis lub - ly night long.
'com-pa - ny dat song wid de sho-vel an' de tong, And made it jin - gle din - gle all dis lub - ly night long.
'com-pa - ny dat song wid de sho-vel an' de tong, And make it jin - gle din - gle all dis lub - ly night long.

4. Ole Cap - tain Spik - es' nig - ger Jim, He say, de cook in lub wid him, But
5. De cook she gib me nice beef stake, De wait - in' maid, she gib me cake, But
p
Sing Chorus next.
when he talk, I al - ways smile, For I know de gals all lub dis chile. Oh!
when Jim come, it all is gone, And dat poor nig - ger don't get none. Oh!
6. Now all you dar - kies eb - 'ry where, You judge which nig - ger shin - in' dar; De
7. De red man lub to sit and smoke, De white man lub to read de book; Night
p
Repeat Chorus.
one de gals all think is sweet, De one dey gib de most to eat. Oh.
come, an' I put down my hoe, De kit - chen's whar I lub to go. Oh!

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TWENTY
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' SONGS.

EIGHTH SELECTION.

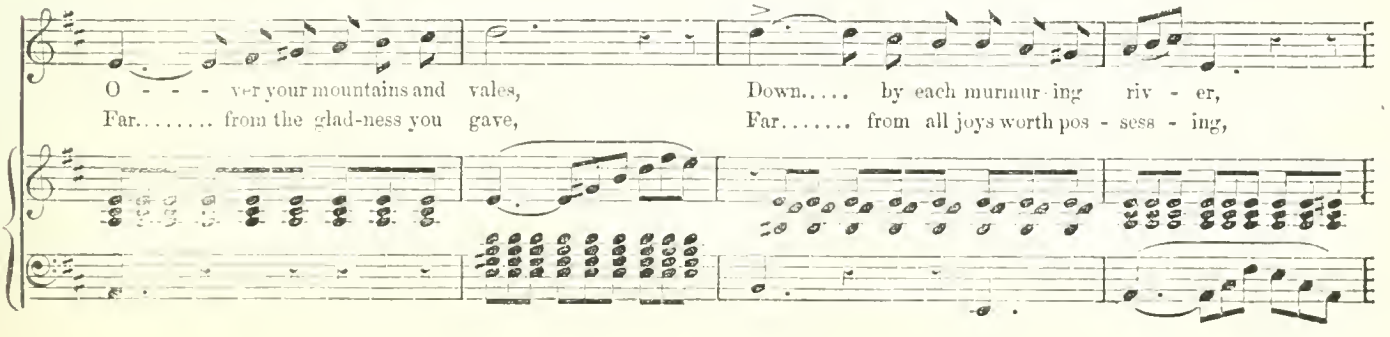
Beautiful Isle of the Sea.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

J. R. THOMAS.

S
1. Beau - - ti - ful isle of the sea!
2. Oft..... on your shell-girdled shore,
Smile..... on the brow of the wa - ters,
Ev' - - ning has found me re - clin - ing,
p

Dear..... are your mem'ries to me,
Vi - - sions of youth dreaming o'er,
Sweet.... as the songs of your daugh - ters;
Down.... where the lighthouse was shin - ing;

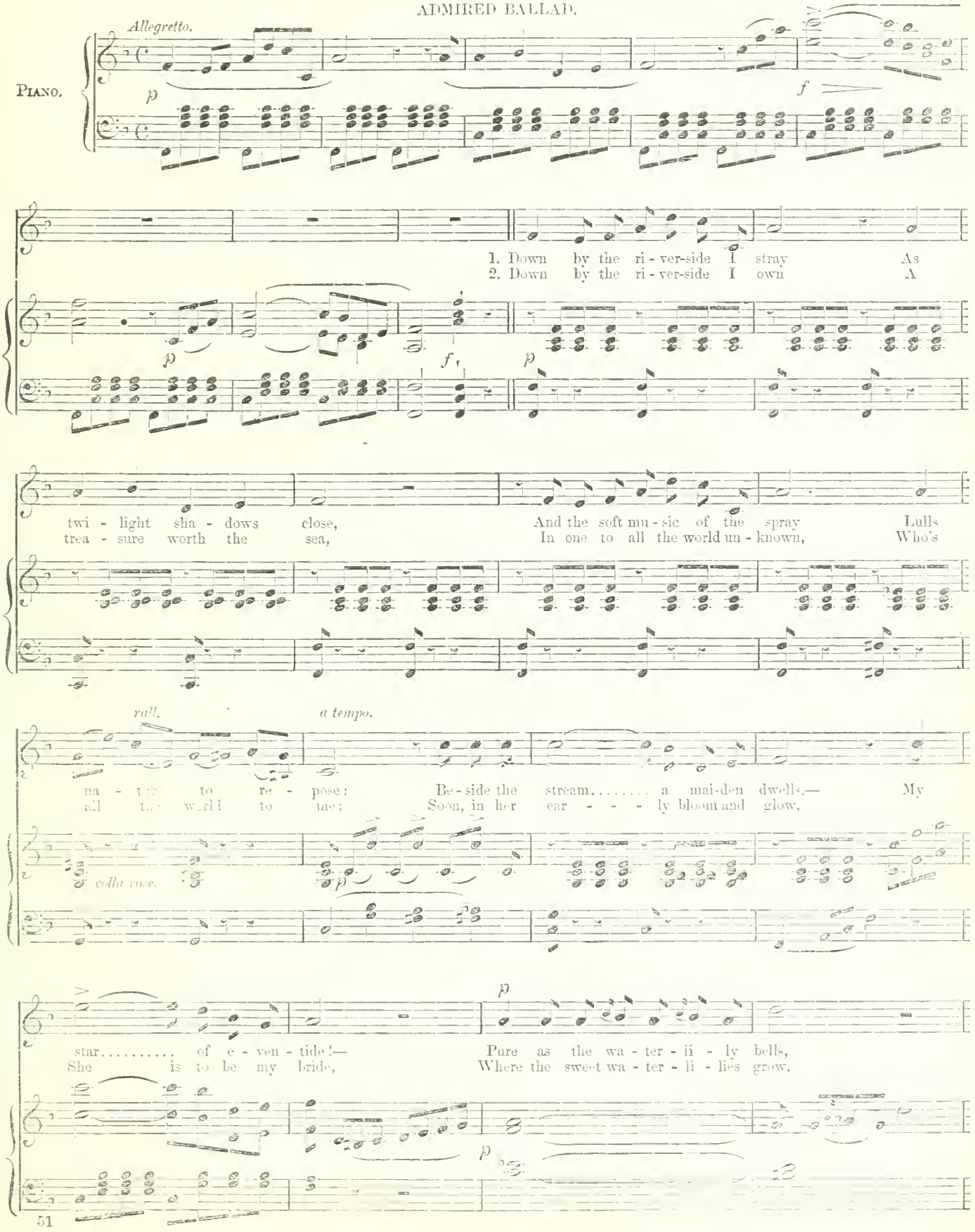

O - - - ver your mountains and vales,
Far..... from the glad-ness you gave,
Down..... by each murmur-ing riv - er,
Far..... from all joys worth pos - sess - ing,

calando.
Cheer'd.... by the flow'r-lov-ing gales,..... Oh,..... could I wan-der for e - ver!
Still..... o'er the lone wea-ry wave..... Comes.... to the wand'rer your bless - ing.
calando.
a tempo.
Land..... of the True and the Old, Home..... e - ver dear un - to me;.....
f
dim.
Foun - - tain of pleasures un - told,.... Beau - - ti - ful isle of the sea!
f
dim.
cres.
ten.
slentando.
Foun - tain of pleasures un - told,.... Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful isle of the sea!
colla voce.
f
1st time.
2nd time.
dim.
p
a tempo.
poco rit.

Down by the River-Side I stray.

ADMIRED BALLAD.

J. R. Thomas.


Allegretto.
Piano.
p
f
1. Down by the ri - ver-side I stray As
2. Down by the ri - ver-side I own A
twi - light sha - dows close,
trea - sure worth the sea,
And the soft mu - sic of the spray Lulls
In one to all the world un - known, Who's
rall.
a tempo.
na - ture to re - pose:
all the world to me;
Be - side the stream..... a mai-den dwells,— My
Soon, in her ear - - - - ly bloom and glow.
colla voce.
star..... of e - ven - tide!—
She is to be my bride,
Pure as the wa - ter - li - ly bells,
Where the sweet wa - ter - li - lies grow.

f
calando e dim.
a tempo.
Pure as the wa - ter - li - ly bells,
Where the sweet wa - ter - li - lies grow,
Pure..... as the wa - ter - li - ly bells.....
Where..... the sweet wa - ter - li - lies grow,.....
Down by the ri - ver
calando.
f
a tempo.
side.
f

Oh! Gently breathe the tender Sigh.

J. R. THOMAS.

Andante, Grazioso.
PIANO.
mf
cres.
p dolce, e sosten.
1. Oh! gent - ly
2. They speak of
dim. e
poco rit.
breathe..... the ten - der sigh,..... Which fell so sweet - - - ly on mine ear, And let thy
fond..... af - fec - tion's sway..... O'er all thy pure..... con - fid - ing breast; They tell that
p

soft..... and beam-ing eye,..... A - gain be ra - - - diant with a tear. I'd ra - ther
pas - - sion's far a - way,..... Nor mars thy peace,..... nor breaks thy rest. To me they

hear..... that mourn-ful sound,..... And see that drop..... so pearl - y fine, Than list to
are..... more pleas-ing still,..... Than gay - er sight..... or merri - er sound, For do they

thy..... most mirth-ful round,..... Or view thine eye..... with rap - ture shine.
not..... a tale re - veal,..... Of love re - quit - - - - ed and re - turn'd?

CHORUS.

p dolce.

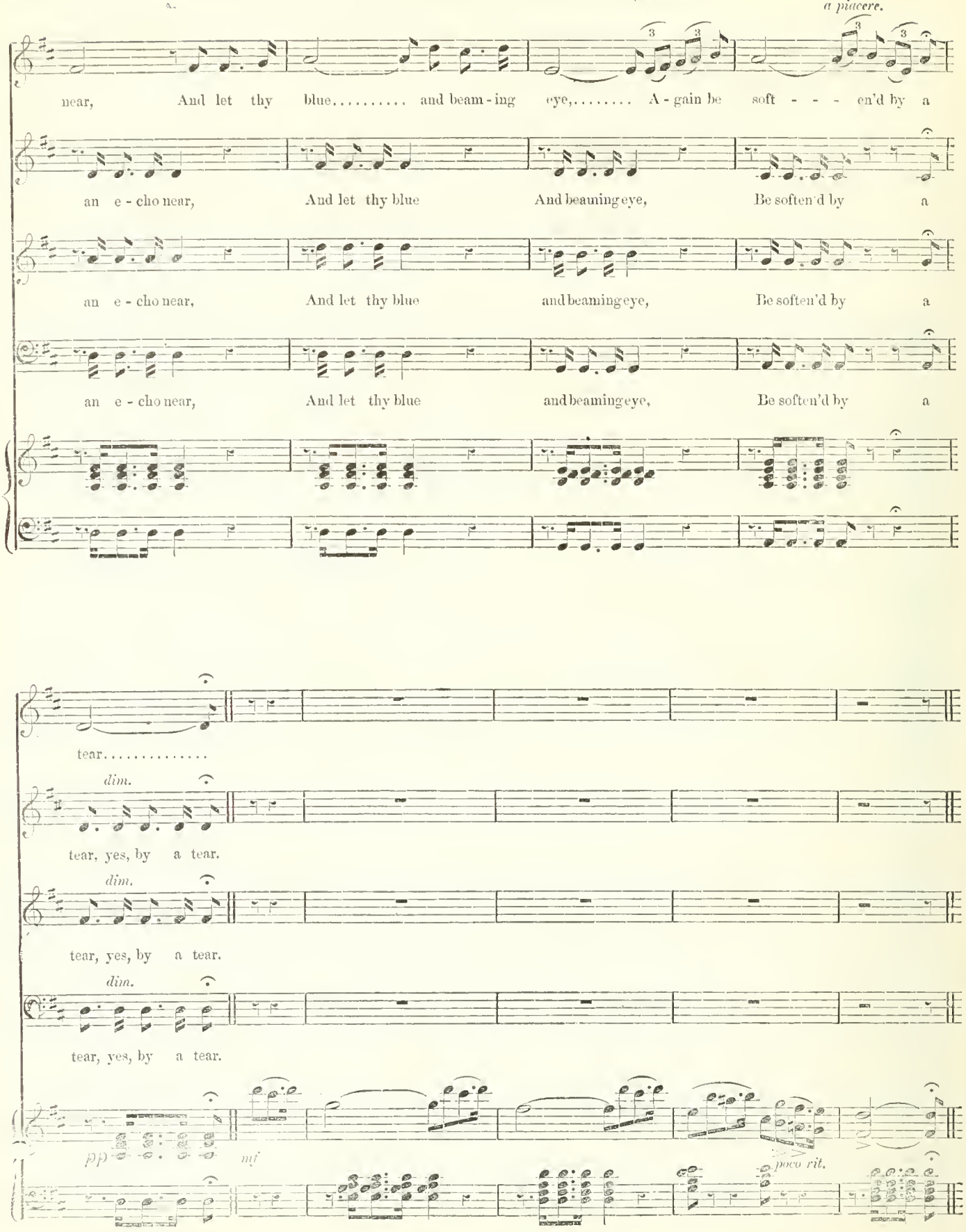
SOPRANO. Then gent - ly breathe..... the ten - der sigh,..... Which found a ling - - - 'ring e - cho

ALTO. *pp* Then gent-ly breathe the ten-der sigh, Which found a ling'ring—

TENOR, *8ve. lower.* *pp* Then gent-ly breathe the ten-der sigh, Which found a ling'ring—

BASS. *pp* Then gent-ly breathe the ten-der sigh, Which found a ling'ring—

PIANO. *pp*


a piacere.
near, And let thy blue..... and beam-ing eye,..... A-gain be soft - - - en'd by a
an e-cho near, And let thy blue And beaming eye, Be soften'd by a
an e-cho near, And let thy blue and beaming eye, Be soften'd by a
an e-cho near, And let thy blue and beaming eye, Be soften'd by a
tear.....
dim.
tear, yes, by a tear.
dim.
tear, yes, by a tear.
dim.
tear, yes, by a tear.
pp
mf
poco rit.

Ettie May.

BALLAD.

J. R. Thomas.

Andante.
Piano.
Ped.
p
1. In beau - ty gleam'd the
2. She wore with - in her
Poco rit.
cres.
dim.
p
moon last night, And bright - ly star-lamps shone; The wind a - mong the lin - den trees, Made
gold - en hair A mesh of change-ful light, And min - gled with her dark eyes' sheen, Were
mu - sic sad and lone; The sha - dows of the fire - light danc'd Like sprites up - on the
spi - rit gleams last night; Up - on their light and view - less wings The an - gels downward
floor, As moon and star - ray gent - ly fell A - round the cot - tage door. With
came. And stole with-in the cot - tage door, And quench'd our love - light flame. So
cres.
dim.
p

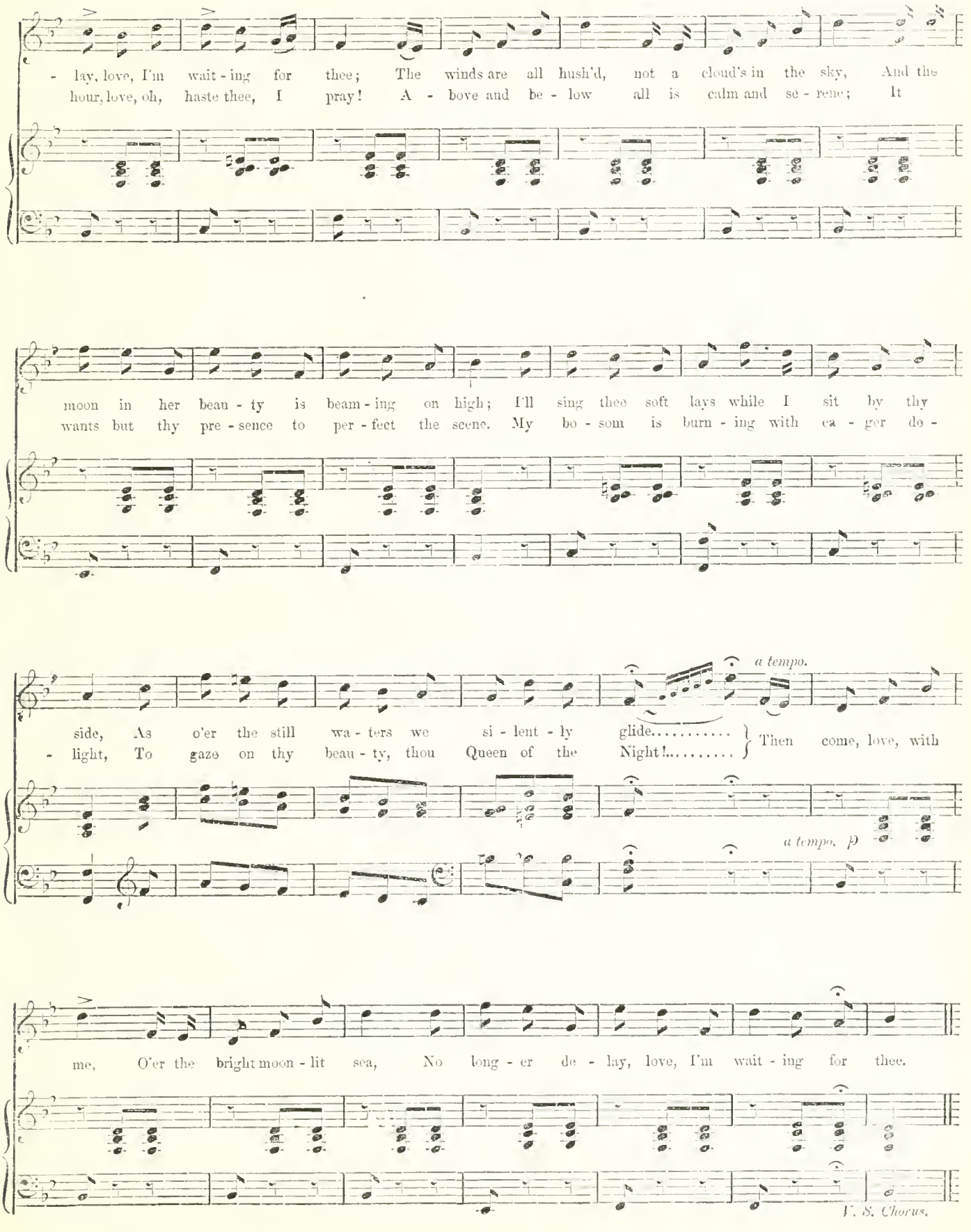
breath - ings hush'd we sat a - round The couch where Et - tie lay, And
qui - et were her slum - bers sweet, On yes - ter e - ven - tide, "We
PED.
wept that one so beau - ti - ful So soon must pass a - way!
thought her dy - - ing when she slept, And sleep - ing when she died."
p
p
poco rit.

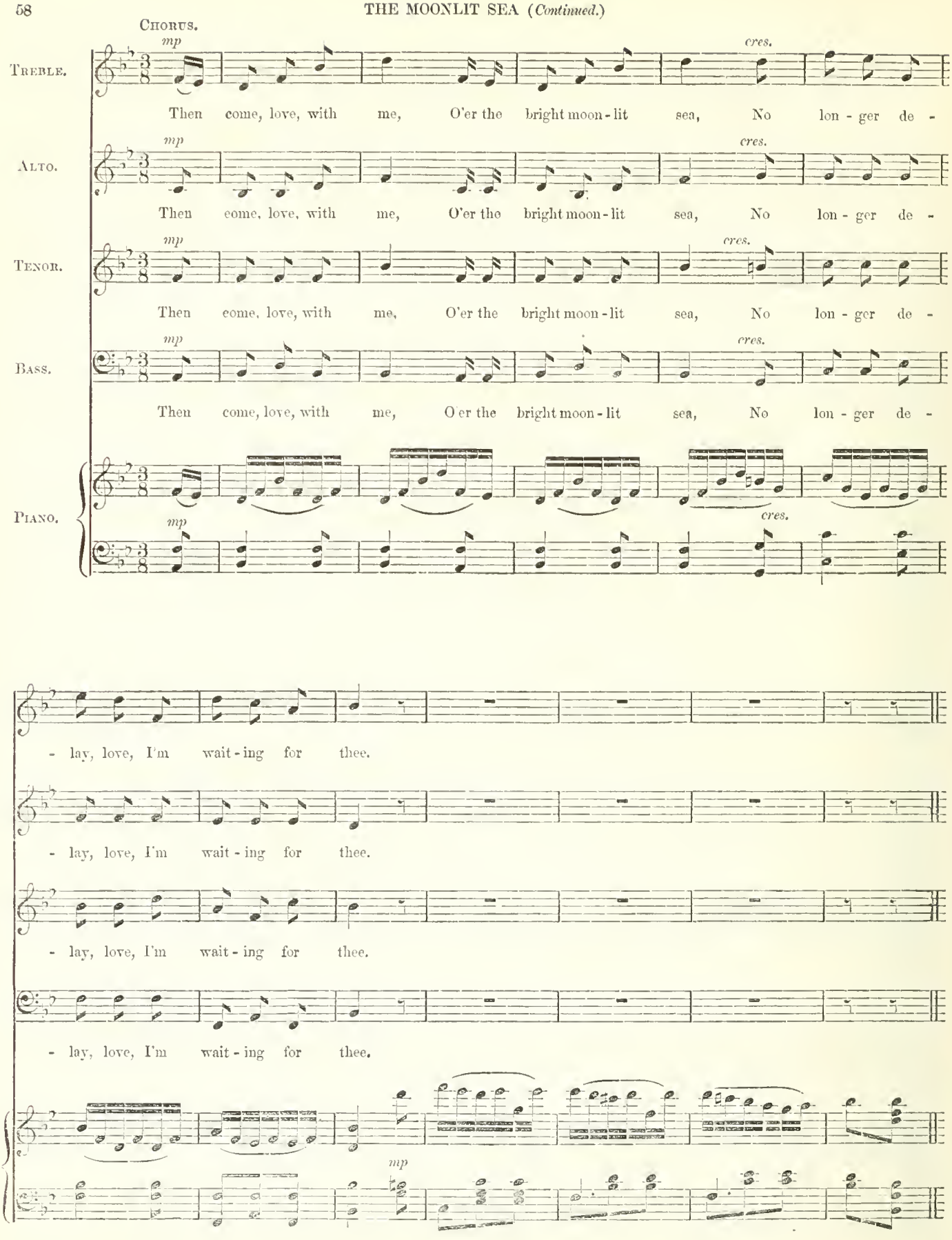
The Moonlit Sea.

SERENADE.

J. R. THOMAS.

Moderato.
PIANO.
mp
sf
1. Oh, come, love, with me, O'er the bright moon - lit sea, No long - er de-
2. Come a - way, love, a - way, Oh, why dost thou stay? 'Tis love's witch - ing
p


- lay, love, I'm wait - ing for thee; The winds are all hush'd, not a cloud's in the sky, And the
hour, love, oh, haste thee, I pray! A - bove and be - low all is calm and se - rene; It
moon in her beau - ty is beam - ing on high; I'll sing thee soft lays while I sit by thy
wants but thy pre - sence to per - fect the scene. My bo - som is burn - ing with ea - ger de -
a tempo.
side, As o'er the still wa - ters we si - lent - ly glide.....
- light, To gaze on thy beau - ty, thou Queen of the Night!.....
Then come, love, with
a tempo. p
me, O'er the bright moon - lit sea, No long - er de - lay, love, I'm wait - ing for thee.
V. S. Chorus.


Chorus.
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano.
mp
cres.
Then come, love, with me, O'er the bright moon-lit sea, No lon-ger de-
lay, love, I'm wait-ing for thee.

The Sunny Side the Way.

Allegretto Moderato. J. R. Thomas.

Piano.

p *cres.* *p*

1. Cold - ly comes the March wind, Cold - ly from the north. Yet the cot - tage lit - tle ones
2. Sad - ly sighs the north wind, Na - ked boughs a - mong, Like a tale of mourn-ful - ness,

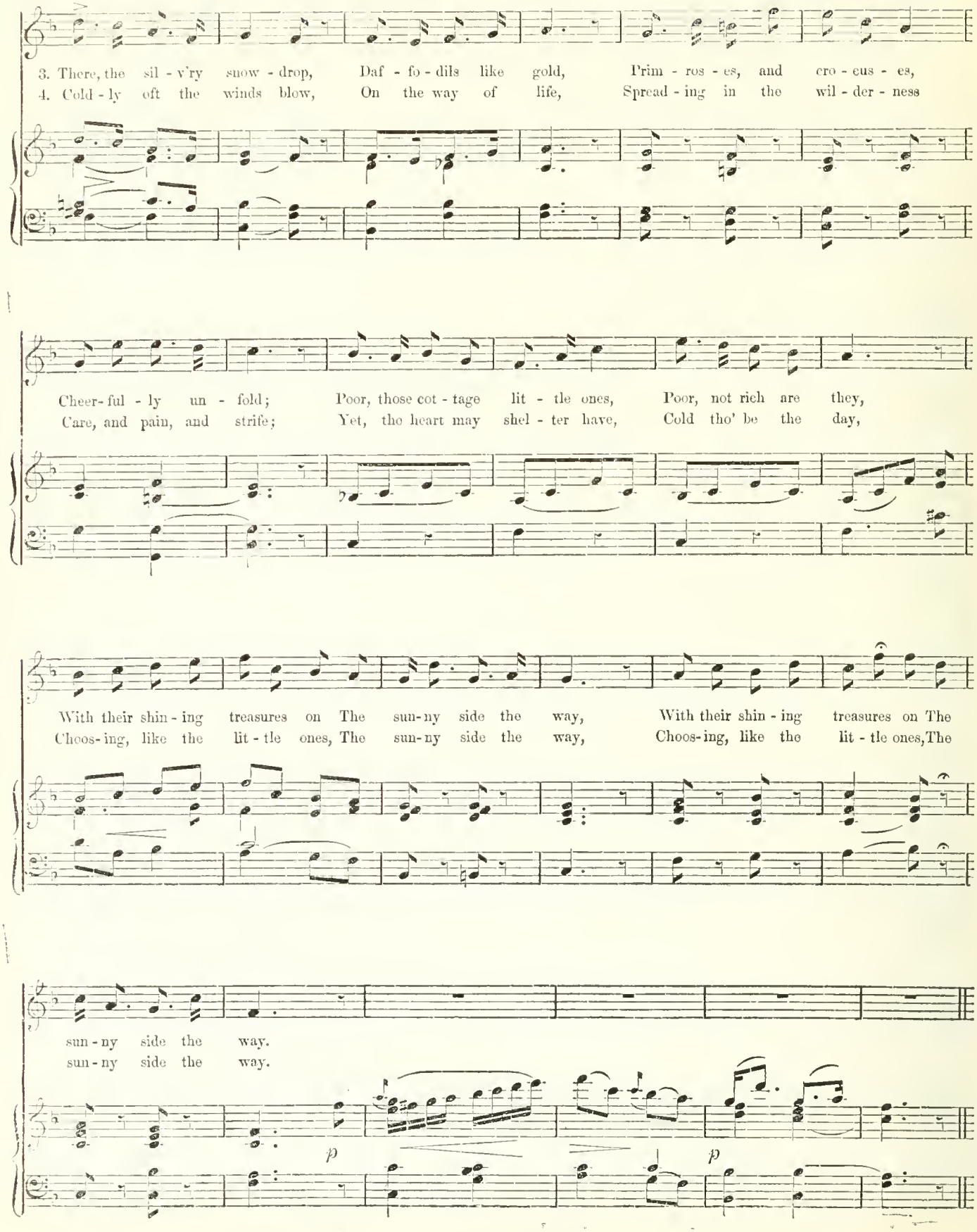
Gai - ly ven - ture forth: Free from cloud the fir - ma-ment. Free from sor - row they, The
Told in mourn-ful song; But the mer - ry lit - tle ones, Hap - py things are they.

play - ful chil - dren choos - ing The sun - ny side the way. The play - ful chil - dren choos - ing The
Spring-ing like the lark, on The sun - ny side the way. Spring-ing like the lark, on The

sun - ny side the way.
sun - ny side the way.

p *p*

THIRD AND FOURTH VERSES.


3. There, the sil - v'ry snow - drop, Daf - fo - dils like gold, Prim - ros - es, and cro - cus - es,
4. Cold - ly oft the winds blow, On the way of life, Spread - ing in the wil - der - ness
Cheer - ful - ly un - fold; Poor, those cot - tage lit - tle ones, Poor, not rich are they,
Care, and pain, and strife; Yet, tho heart may shel - ter have, Cold tho' be the day,
With their shin - ing treasures on The sun - ny side the way, With their shin - ing treasures on The
Choos - ing, like the lit - tle ones, The sun - ny side the way, Choos - ing, like the lit - tle ones, The
sun - ny side the way.
sun - ny side the way.
p
p

'Tis but a little faded Flower.

Andante semplice.

J. R. Thomas.

Piano.

1. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded flow'r, But, oh, how fond - ly dear! 'Twill
2. Where is the heart that doth not keep With - in its in - most core, Some

bring me back one gold-en hour, Through ma - ny, through ma-ny a wea - ry year. I
fond re-membrance, hidden deep, Of days, of days that are no more?

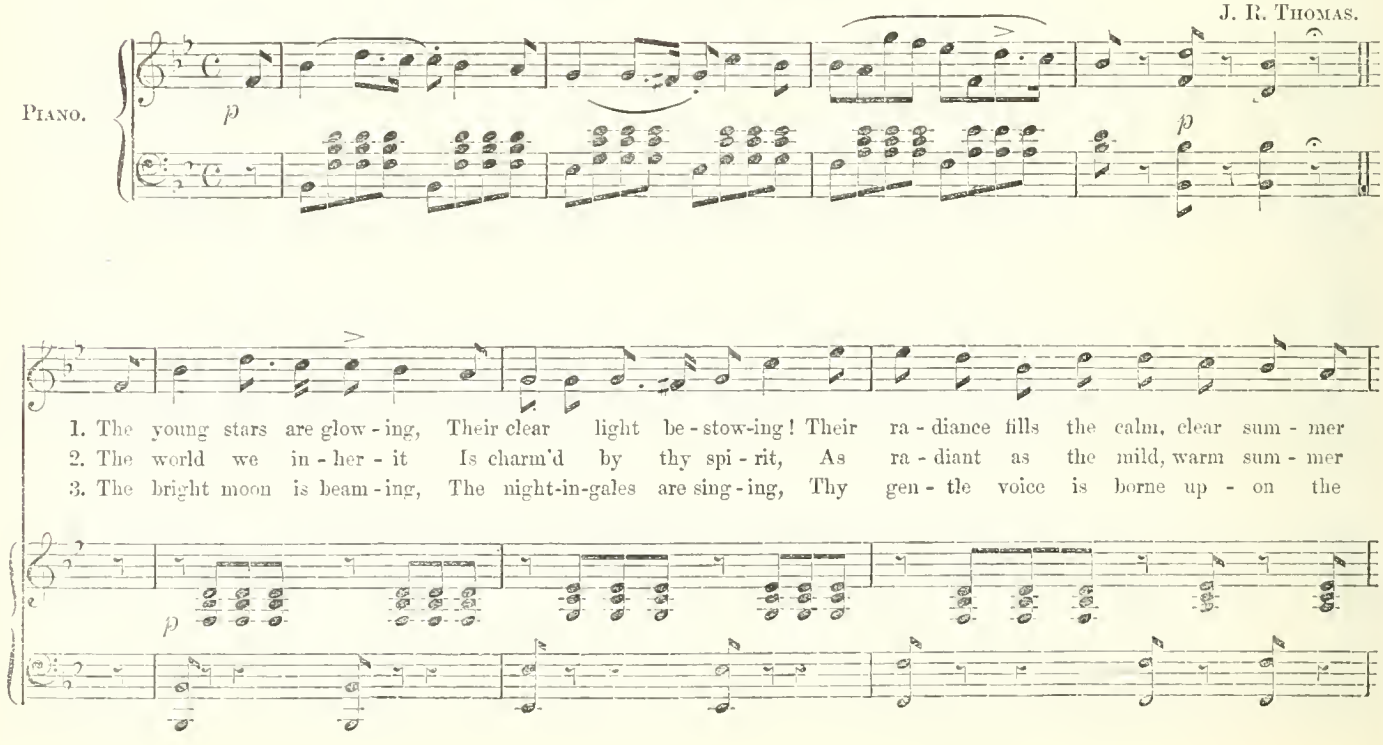
may not to the world im - part The se - cret, the se - cret of its pow'r, But
Who hath not sav'd some tri - fling thing, More priz'd, more priz'd than jew - els rare! A

trea - sur'd in my in - most heart, I keep my fa - ded flow'r, I keep my fa - ded flow'r.
fa - ded flow'r, a bro - ken ring, A tress of gold - en hair, A tress of gold - en hair?

'Tis but a lit-tle fa-ded flow'r, But oh, how fond-ly dear! 'Twill bring me back one gold-en
p
poco rit.
hour, Through ma-ny, through ma-ny a wea-ry year.
p
colla voce.
a tempo.

Annie of the Vale.

J. R. Thomas.


Piano.
p
p
1. The young stars are glow-ing, Their clear light be-stow-ing! Their ra-diance fills the calm, clear sum-mer
2. The world we in-her-it Is charm'd by thy spi-rit, As ra-diant as the mild, warm sum-mer
3. The bright moon is beam-ing, The night-in-gales are sing-ing, Thy gen-tle voice is borne up-on the
p

night! Come forth, like a fai-ry, So blithe-some and air-y, And ram-ble in their soft and mys-tic
ray! The watch-dog is snarl-ing, For fear, An-nie, darling, His beau-ti-ful young friend I'd steal a-
gale; The old folks are slumb'ring, Each mi-nute I'm numb'ring, Come forth, An-nie, dear An-nie, from the
light.
-way.
vale.
Come, come, come love, come! Come, ere the night-torch-es
mf
p
pale; Oh, come in thy beauty, Thou mar-vel of du-ty, Dear An-nie, dear An-nie of the vale.
p
p

Dearest Sister, think of Me.

BALLAD.

Words by ELLA GORDON.

FREDRICK WIDDOWE.

Andante.

PIANO.

p *f*

1. When the ro - sy hues of sun - set Melt in gold - en clouds a -
2. When the hush of ev' - ning breez - es Brings soft mu - sic to your
3. When the per - fum'd flow'rs are bend - ing 'Neath the si - lent fall - ing

8va

p

- way, And the a - zure slow - ly fa - ding,
ear, And the song of hap - py child - hood
dew, And a thou - sand sounds are bring - ing

8va

cres.

Deep - ens in the twi-light gray; When the murm'ring wind is sigh - ing
Gai - - ly e - chos loud and clear; When the stars of heav'n are gleam - ing
Vi - - sions dim be - fore your view: While your heart is fond - ly turn - ing

8va

Low through ev' - ry leaf - y tree, And me - lo - dious sounds are
Bright - - ly on the moon - lit sea, In that hour of peace - ful
Back to friends you ne'er may see, While your soul is sad - ly
cres.
dy - ing, Then, sweet sis - ter, think of me, And me - lo - dious sounds are
glad - ness, Dear - est sis - ter, think of me, In that hour of peace - ful
mourn - ing, Sweet - est sis - ter, think of me, While your soul is sad - ly
cres.
rit.
dy - - ing, Then, sweet sis - ter, think of me.
glad - ness, Dear - - est sis - ter, think of me.
mourn - ing, Sweet - - est sis - ter, think of me.
rit.
mf
a tempo.
p
rit.
f

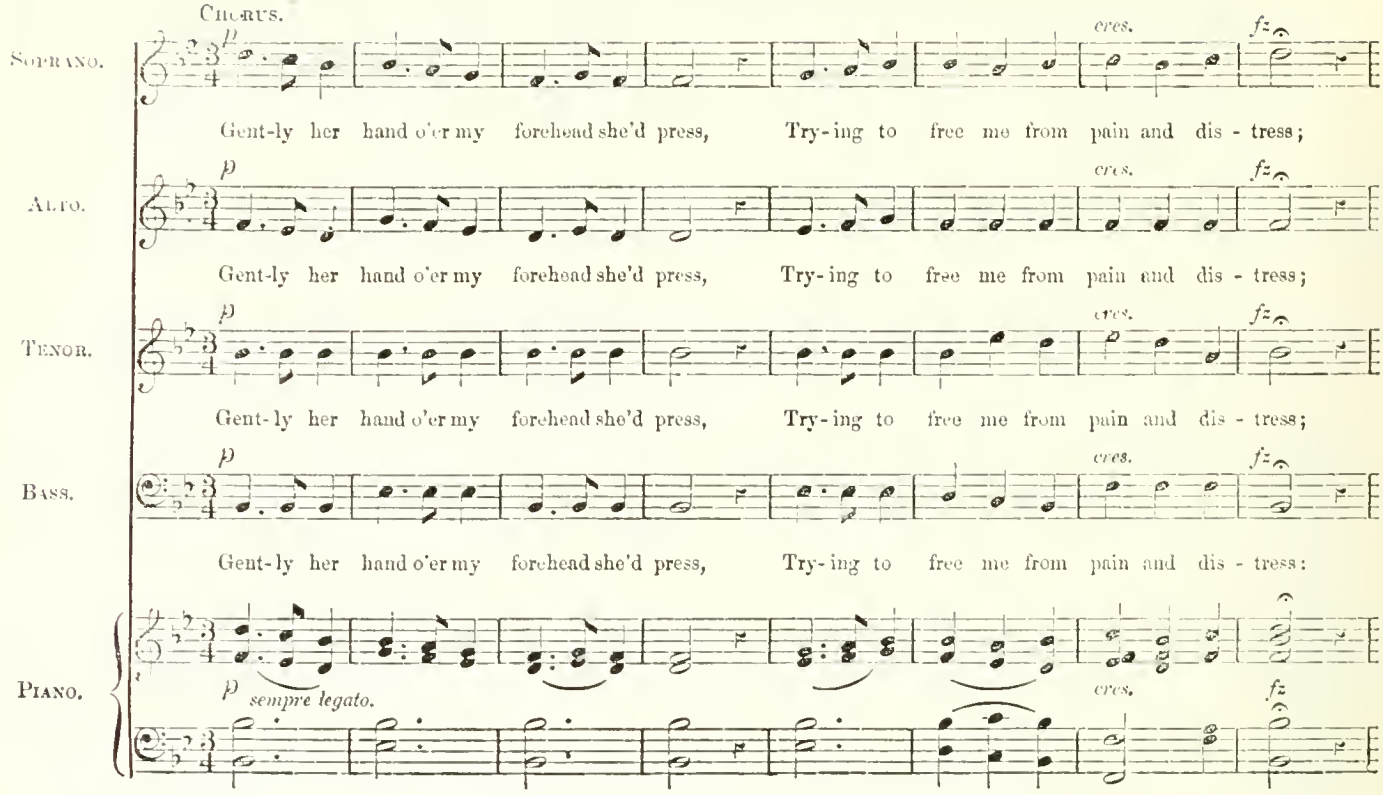
Mother would comfort Me.

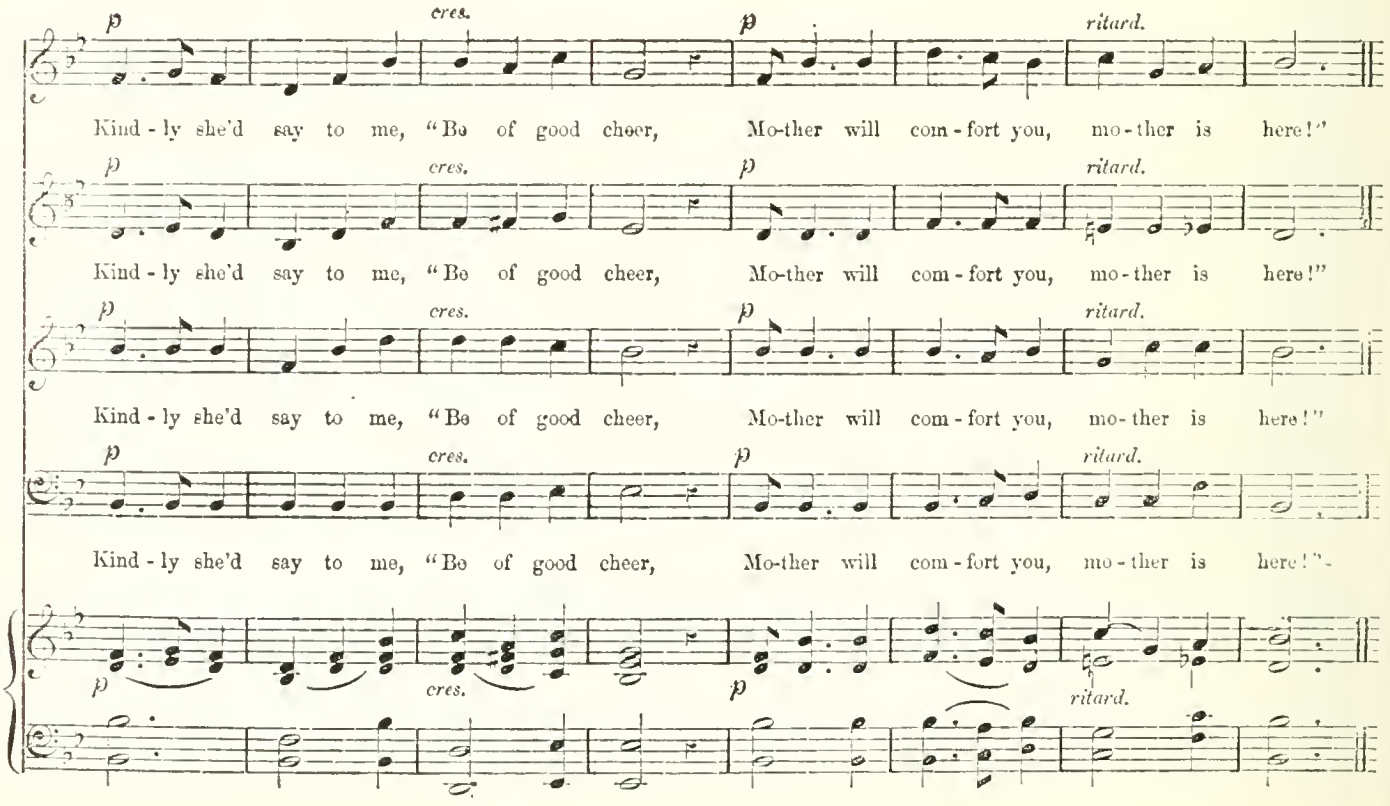
Andante.

Words and Music by CHARLES SAWYER.

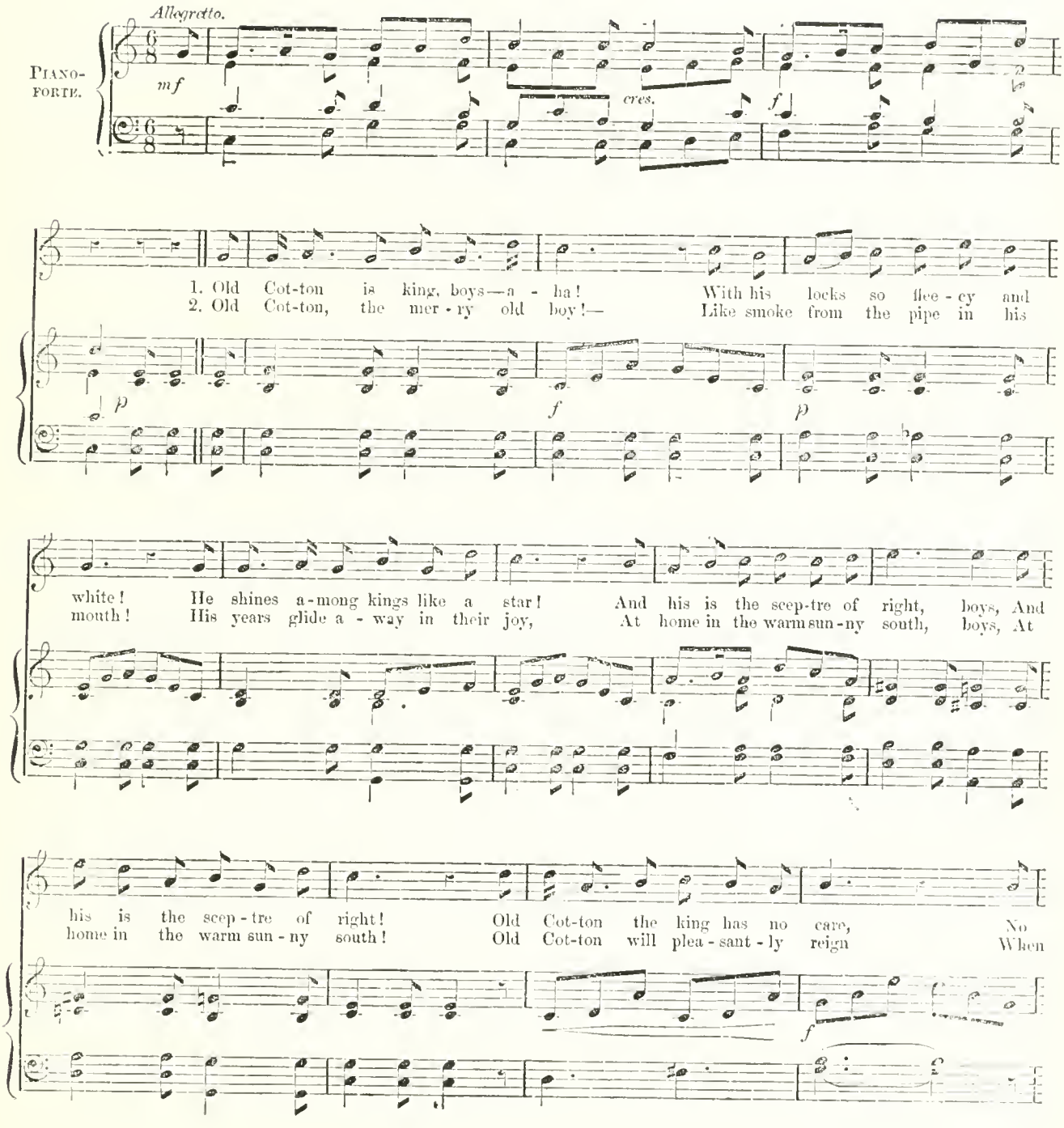
PIANO.
p
1. Wound - ed and sor - row - ful, far from my
2. If she were with me, I soon would for -
3. Cheer - ful - ly, faith - ful - ly, mo - ther would
ritard.
p
home, Sick, a - mong strang - ers, un - car'd for, un - known;
- get My pain and my sor - row, no more would I fret; One
stay, Al - - ways be - - side me, by night and by day;
E - - ven the birds that used sweet - - ly to sing, Are si - lent and
kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye, Would make me con -
If I should mur - mur, or wish to com - plain, Her gen - tle

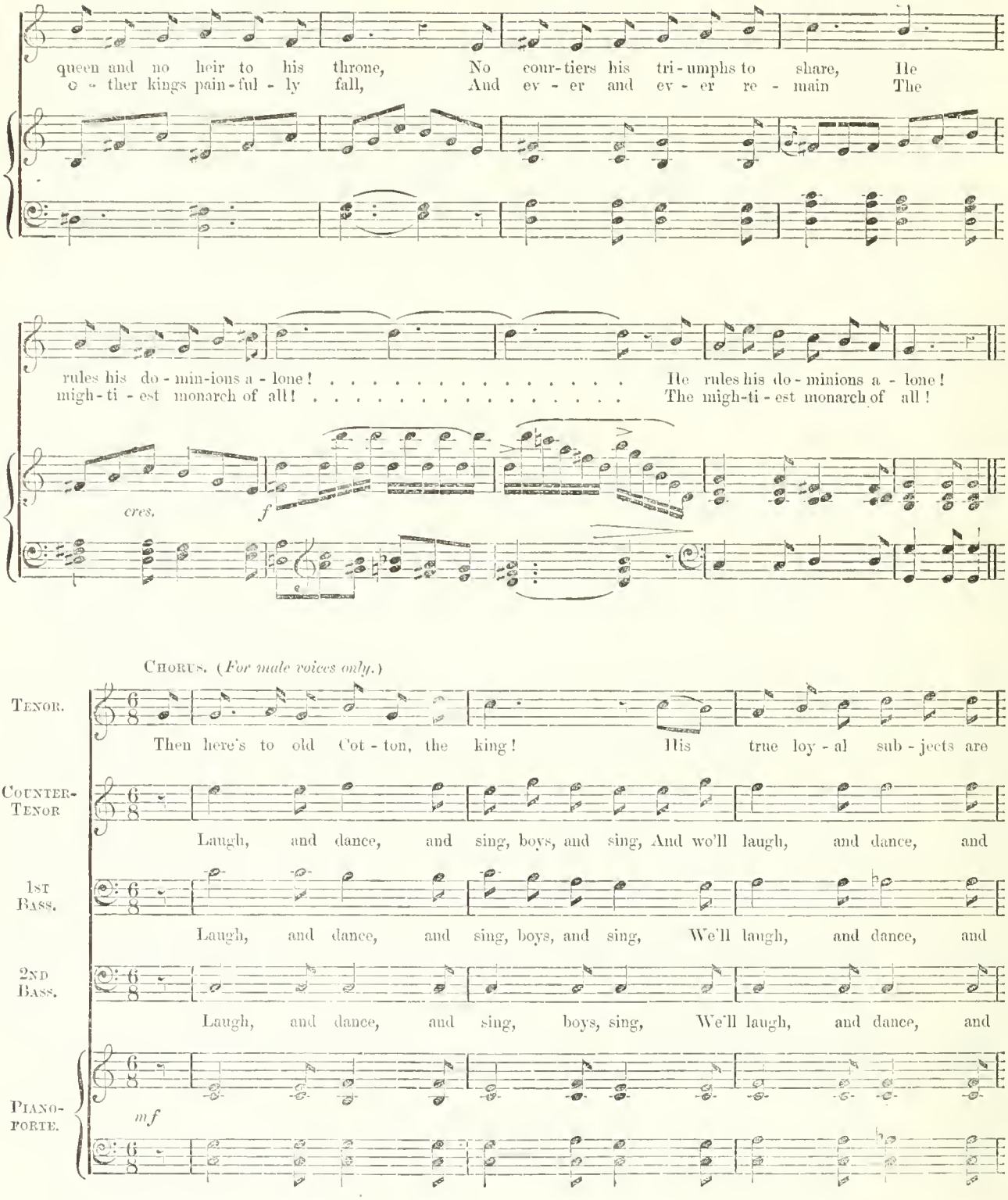
swift - - ly have tak - - en the wing; No one but mo - - ther can
- tent - - ed, and will - - ing to die; Gent - ly her hand o'er my
voice would soon calm me a - gain: Sweet - ly a mo - ther's love
cheer me to - - - day, No one for me could so
fore - - head she'd press, Try - ing to free me from
shines like a star, Bright - est in dark - - - ness, when
fer - vent - ly pray; None to con - - sole me, no kind friend is
pain and dis - tress; Kind - - ly she'd say to me "Be of good
day - light's a - far; In clouds or in sun - shine, plea - - sures or
Repeat. Chorus.
near, Mo - ther would com - - fort me, if she were here.
cheer, Mo - ther will com - - fort you, mo - ther is here!"
pain, Mo - ther's af - - fec - - tion is e - ver the same.

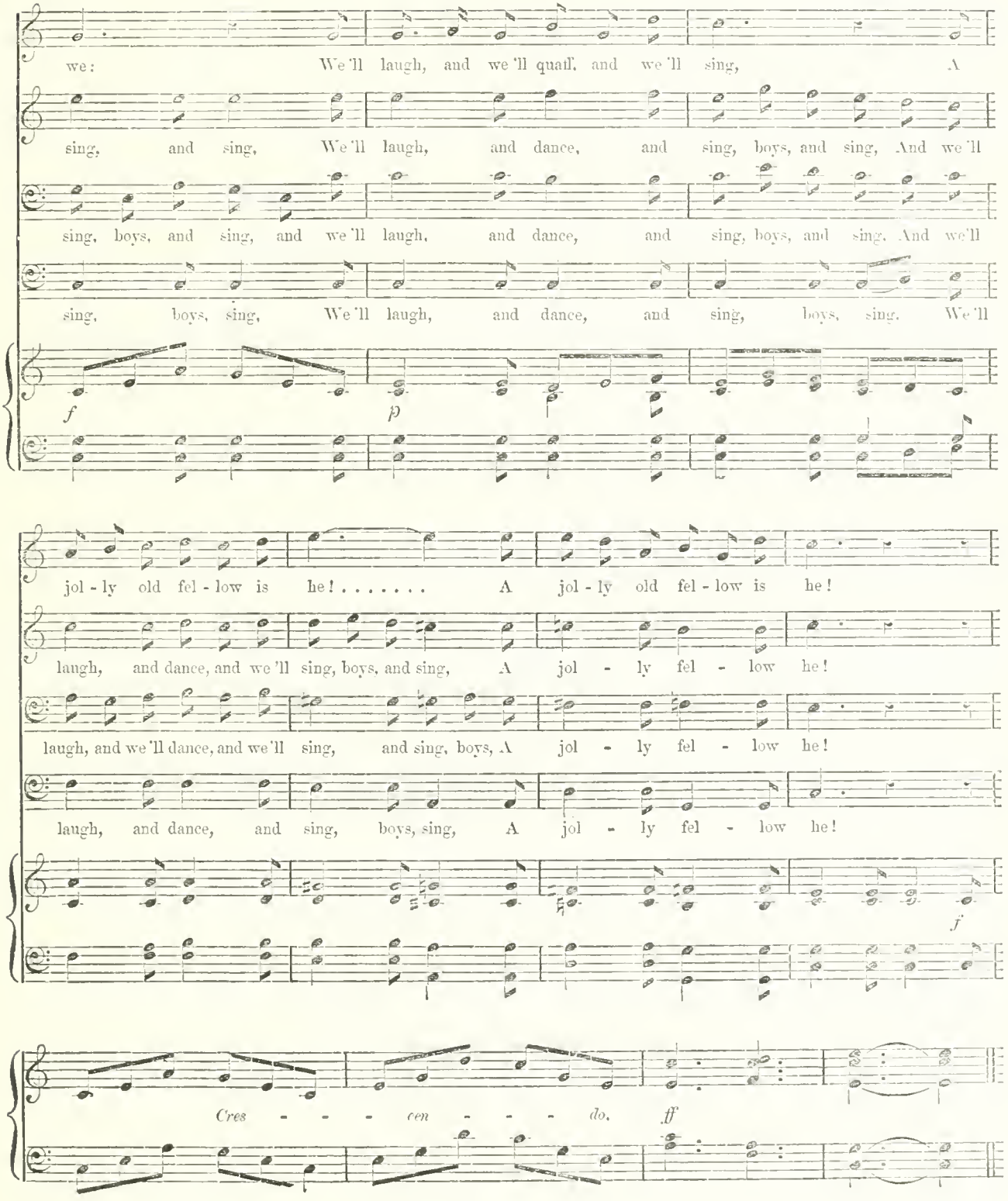

Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano.
p
cres.
fz
Gent-ly her hand o'er my forehead she'd press, Try-ing to free me from pain and dis - tress;
sempre legato.


p
cres.
ritard.
Kind - ly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer, Mo-ther will com - fort you, mo - ther is here!"

Old King Cotton.


Allegretto.
Piano-forte.
mf
cres.
f
1. Old Cot-ton is king, boys—a - ha! With his locks so flee - cy and white!
2. Old Cot-ton, the mer - ry old boy!— Like smoke from the pipe in his mouth!
p
f
p
He shines a-mong kings like a star! And his is the scep-tre of right, boys, And
His years glide a - way in their joy, At home in the warm sun-ny south, boys, At
his is the scep - tre of right! Old Cot-ton the king has no care, No
home in the warm sun - ny south! Old Cot-ton will plea - sant - ly reign When
f


queen and no heir to his throne, No cour-tiers his tri-umphs to share, He
o - ther kings pain-ful - ly fall, And ev - er and ev - er re - main The
rules his do - min-ions a - lone! He rules his do - minions a - lone!
migh-ti - est monarch of all! The migh-ti - est monarch of all!
cres.
f
Chorus. (For male voices only.)
Tenor.
Then here's to old Cot - ton, the king! His true loy - al sub - jects are
Counter-Tenor
Laugh, and dance, and sing, boys, and sing, And we'll laugh, and dance, and
1st Bass.
Laugh, and dance, and sing, boys, and sing, We'll laugh, and dance, and
2nd Bass.
Laugh, and dance, and sing, boys, sing, We'll laugh, and dance, and
Piano-forte.
mf


we: We'll laugh, and we'll quaff, and we'll sing, A
sing, and sing, We'll laugh, and dance, and sing, boys, and sing, And we'll
sing, boys, and sing, and we'll laugh, and dance, and sing, boys, and sing, And we'll
sing, boys, sing, We'll laugh, and dance, and sing, boys, sing. We'll
f
p
jol - ly old fel - low is he! . . . . . A jol - ly old fel - low is he!
laugh, and dance, and we'll sing, boys, and sing, A jol - ly fel - low he!
laugh, and we'll dance, and we'll sing, and sing, boys, A jol - ly fel - low he!
laugh, and dance, and sing, boys, sing, A jol - ly fel - low he!
f
Cres - - - cen - - - do.
ff

SELECTION OF

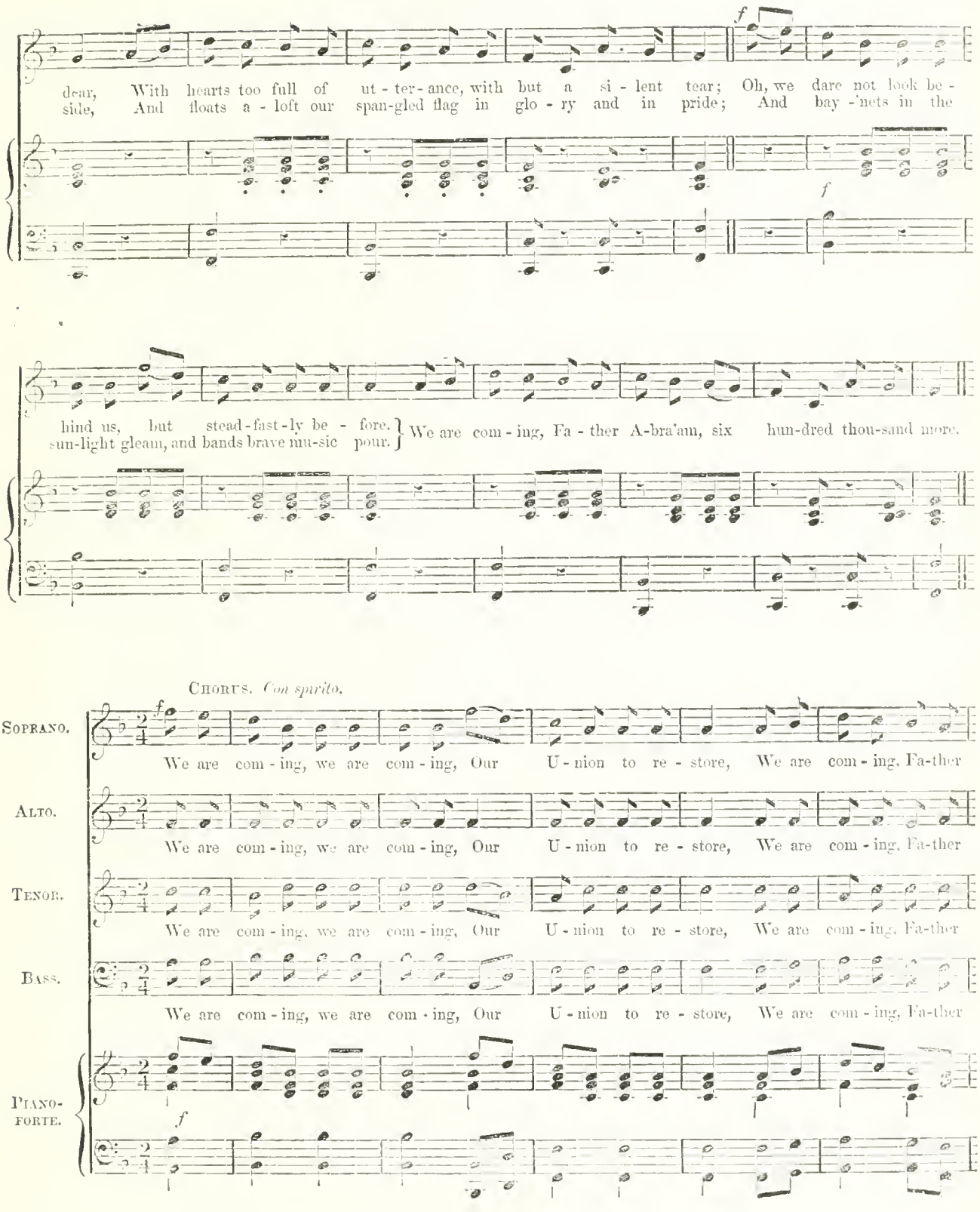
THE MOST FAMOUS SONGS

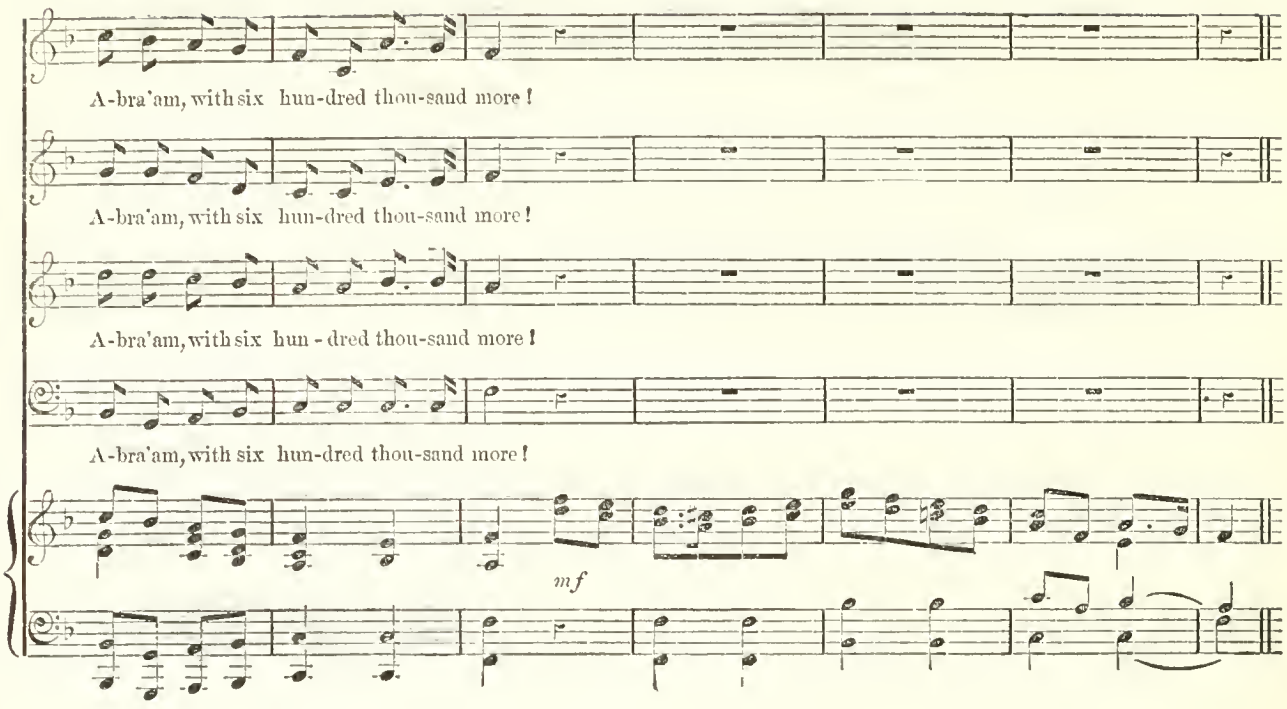
CONNECTED WITH

THE AMERICAN WAR.

We are coming, Father Abra'am.

Con spirito marziale.
Piano-forte.
f marcato.
dim.
1. We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra'am, six hun - dred thou - sand more, From Mis - sis - sip - pi's
2. If you look a - cross the hill - tops that meet the nor - thern sky, Long mo - ving lines of
mf
wan-d'ring stream and from New Eng-land's shore; We leave our plough and work - shops, our wives and chil-dren
ris - ing dust your vi - sion may de - sery; And now tho wind, an in-stant tears the cloud - y veil a -


dear, With hearts too full of ut - ter - ance, with but a si - lent tear; Oh, we dare not look be -
side, And floats a - loft our span-gled flag in glo - ry and in pride; And bay -'nets in the
hind us, but stead-fast-ly be - fore.
sun-light gleam, and bands brave mu-sic pour.
We are com - ing, Fa - ther A-bra'am, six hun-dred thou-sand more.
Chorus. Con spirito.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano-forte.
We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Our U - nion to re - store, We are com - ing, Fa-ther


A-bra'am, with six hun-dred thou-sand more!
A-bra'am, with six hun-dred thou-sand more!
A-bra'am, with six hun - dred thou-sand more!
A-bra'am, with six hun-dred thou-sand more!
mf

III.

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stand weeping at every cottage door.
We are coming, Father Abra'am, &c.

IV.

You have call'd us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for Freedom's sake, our brother's bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before.
We are coming, Father Abra'am, &c.

Weeping, Sad and Lonely;

OR,

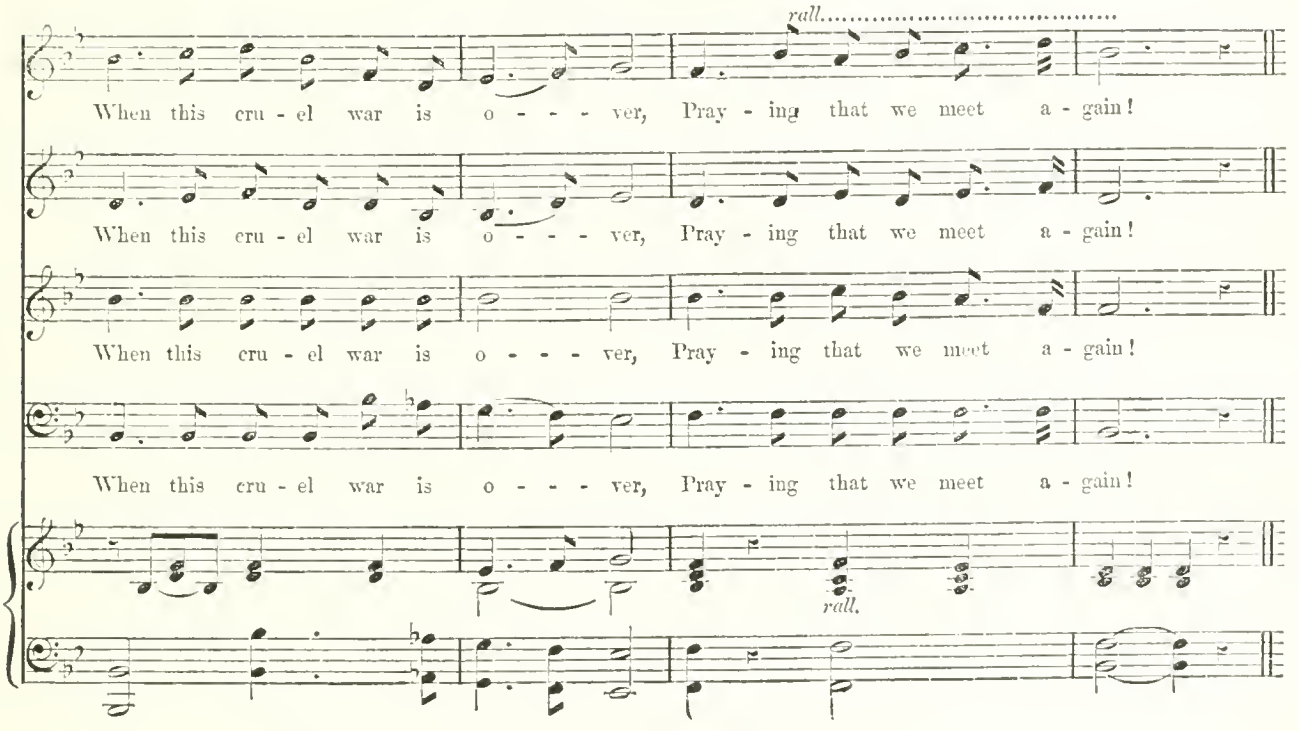
When this cruel War is over.

Moderato e cantabile.
Piano-forte.
p
1. Dear - est love, do you re - mem - ber, When we last did meet,
2. When the sum-mer breeze is sigh - ing, Mourn - ful - ly a - long,
p
How you told me that you lov'd . . . . me, Kneel - ing at my feet?
Or, when au-tumn leaves are fall - - ing, Sad - ly breathes the song.

Oh! how proud you stood be - fore . . . me, In your suit of blue, ...
Oft in dreams I see thee ly - ing, On the bat - tle plain, ...

When you vow'd to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true.
Lone - ly, wound-ed, ev - en dy - ing, Call - ing, but in vain!

Chorus. 2nd time pp.
Soprano.
Weep - ing, sad, and lone - - ly, Hopes and fears how vain!
Alto.
Weep - ing, sad, and lone - - ly, Hopes and fears how vain! Yet pray - ing,
Tenor.
Weep - ing, sad, and lone - - ly, Hopes and fears how vain! Yet pray - ing,
Bass.
Weep - ing, sad, and lone - - ly, Hopes and fears how vain!
2nd time pp.
Pianoforte.


rall.
When this cru - el war is o - - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!
When this cru - el war is o - - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!
When this cru - el war is o - - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!
When this cru - el war is o - - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!
rall.

III.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.
Chorus. Weeping, sad, &c.

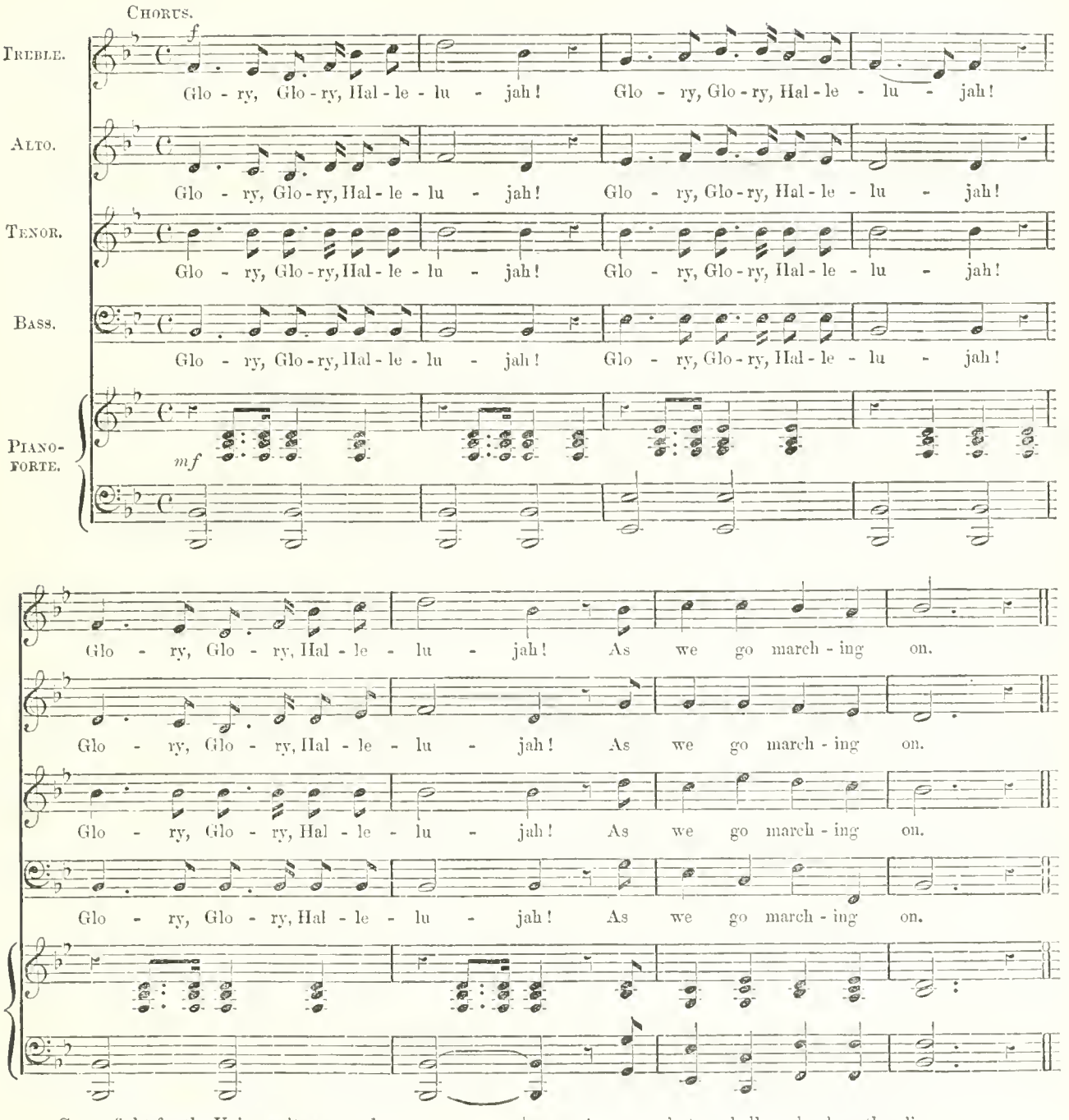
IV.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
Chorus. Weeping, sad, &c.

Glory, Hallelujah!

NATIONAL SONG AND CHORUS.

Tempo di marcia.
Piano-forte.
mf
f
8ves. ad lib.....
1. Come, join the cho - rus of the na - tion, Come, join the cho - rus of the na - tion!
2. 'Mid clash-ing steel and mus-kets' rat - tle, 'Mid clash-ing steel and mus-kets' rat - tle!
mp
Come, swell it, ev' - ry rank and sta - tion— As we go march - ing on.
In the fore-most of the bat - tle— Old Glo - ry's march - ing on.


Chorus.
Treble.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Piano-forte.
f
mf
Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! As we go march - ing on.

Come, fight for the Union as it was my boys,
Come, fight for the Union as it was my boys!
And the Constitution as it is my boys—
While we go marching on.
Chorus. Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

Down with fanatics and with traitors!
Down with fanatics and with traitors!
They 're worse than sneaking alligators—
We 'll rout them, marching on.
Chorus. Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

A sour apple-tree shall mark where they lie,
A sour apple-tree shall mark where they lie!
And the cause of their death—a rope dangling high—
As we go marching on.
Chorus. Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

The Constitution and Old Glory,
The Constitution and Old Glory!
Shall live for aye in song and story—
And ever be marching on.
Chorus. Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys!

Con spirito.
Piano-forte.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
1. Stand up for Un - ele Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true; Stand up for Un - ele
2. Oh, strike for Un - ele Sam, my boys, For dan - - ger is near; Yes! strike for Un - cle
p
Sam, my boys, For he has stood by you. He 's made you homes the bright - est The
Sam, my boys, And all to you most dear. Re - bel - lious sons are plot - ting To
sun e'er shone up - on, For hon - our, right, and free - dom, He 's many a bat - tle won.
lay the home-stead low, Their hands are mad - ly lift - ed To give the fa - tal blow.

Soprano.
Stand up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true, Stand up for Un - cle
Alto.
Stand up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true, Stand up for Un - cle
Tenor.
Stand up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true, Stand up for Un - cle
Bass.
Stand up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true, Stand up for Un - cle
Piano-forte.
mf
Sam, my boys, For he has stood by you.
Sam, my boys, For he has stood by you.
Sam, my boys, For he has stood by you.
Sam, my boys, For he has stood by you.

Oh, fall for Uncle Sam, my boys,
If need be to save;
Yes! fall for Uncle Sam, my boys,
Though in a soldier's grave.
His flag so long our glory,
Dishonour'd shall not be;
But heav'n-ward float for ever,
The banner of the free.
Chorus. Stand up, &c.

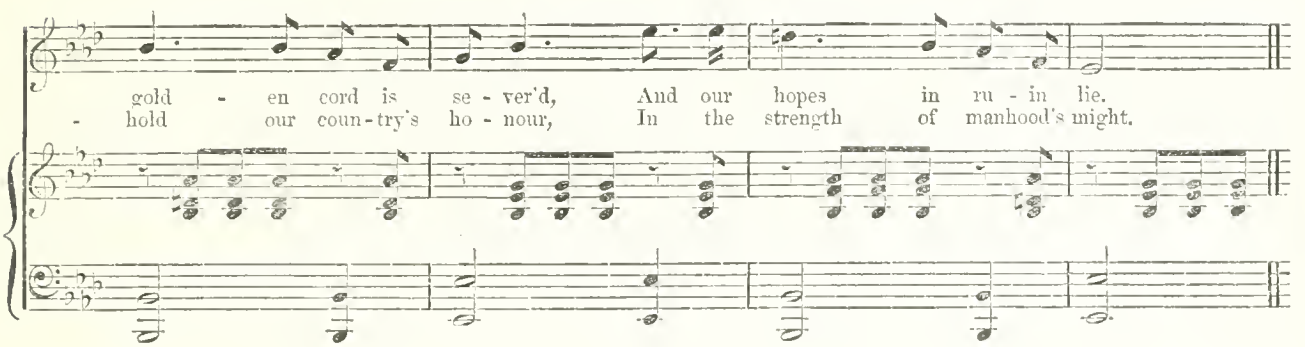
The Vacant Chair;

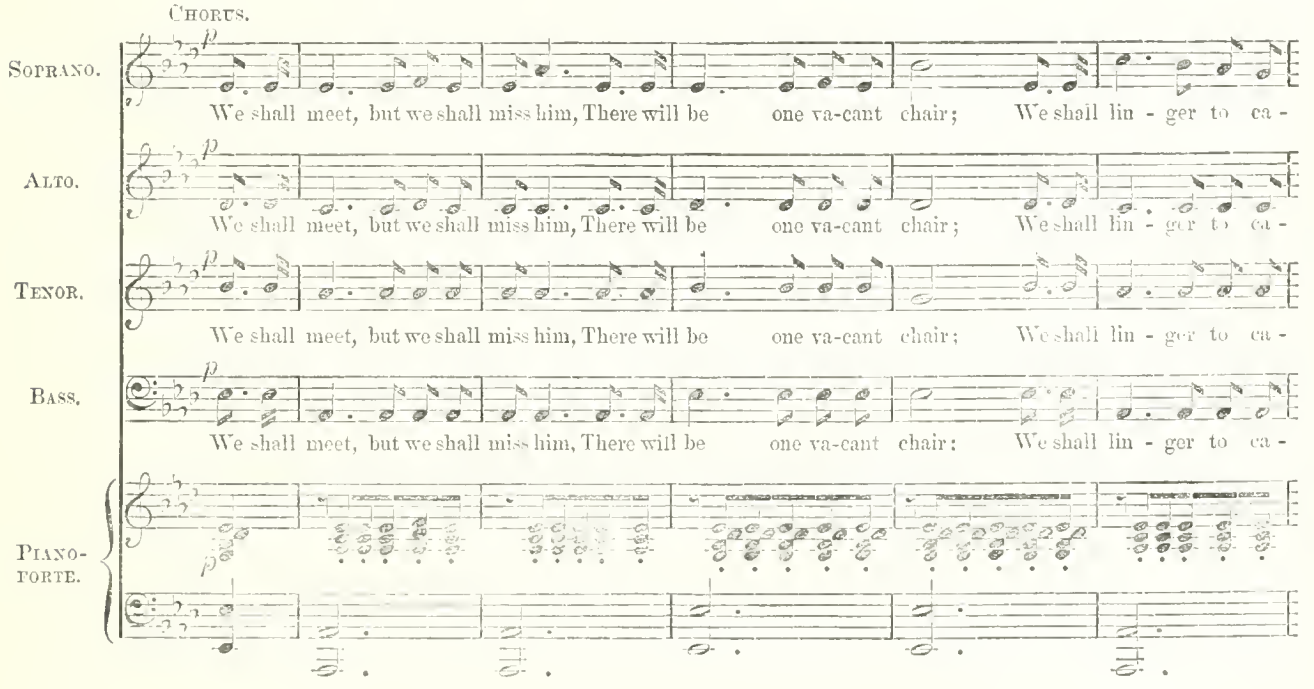
OR,

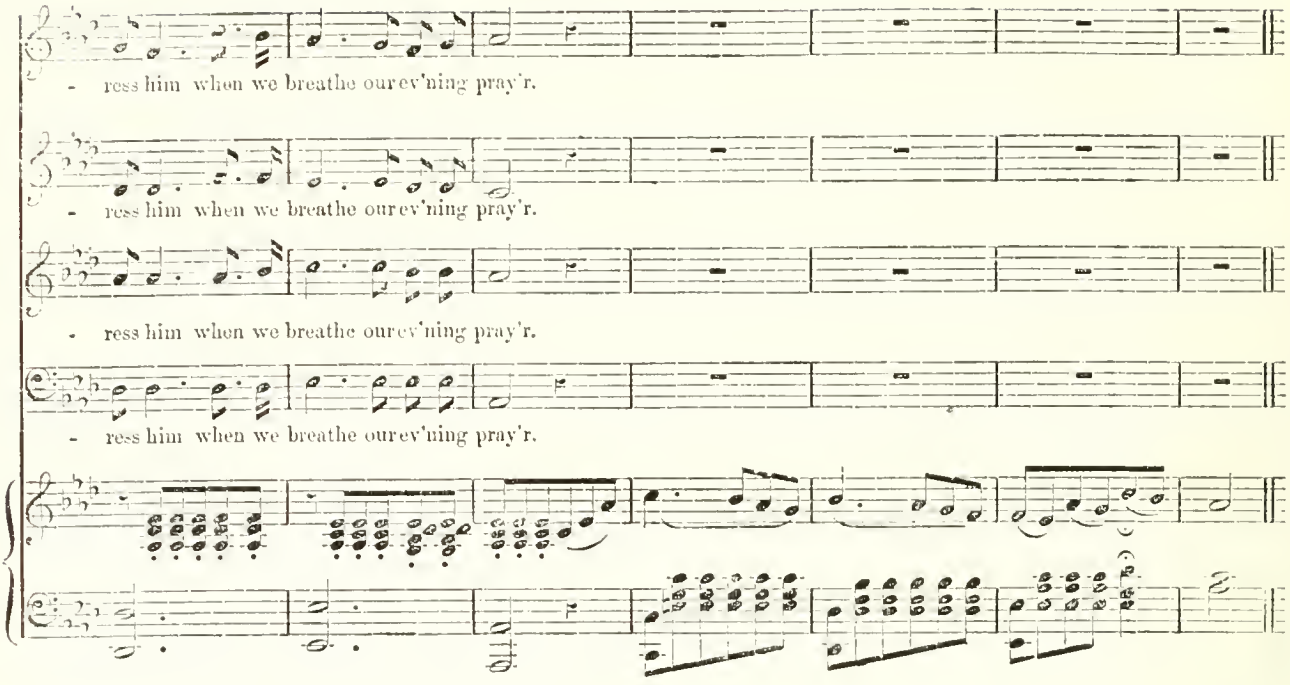
"We shall meet, but we shall miss him."

Con espress.
PIANO-FORTE.
p
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair; We shall
2. At our fire - side, sad and lone-ly, Of - ten will the bo - som swell At re -
p
lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our even-ing pray'r. When a
- mem - brance of the sto - ry How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he

year a - go we gather'd, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a
strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight, And up -


gold - en cord is se - ver'd, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
- hold our coun - try's ho - nour, In the strength of manhood's might.


CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca -
ALTO.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca -
TENOR.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca -
BASS.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair: We shall lin - ger to ca -
PIANO-FORTE.

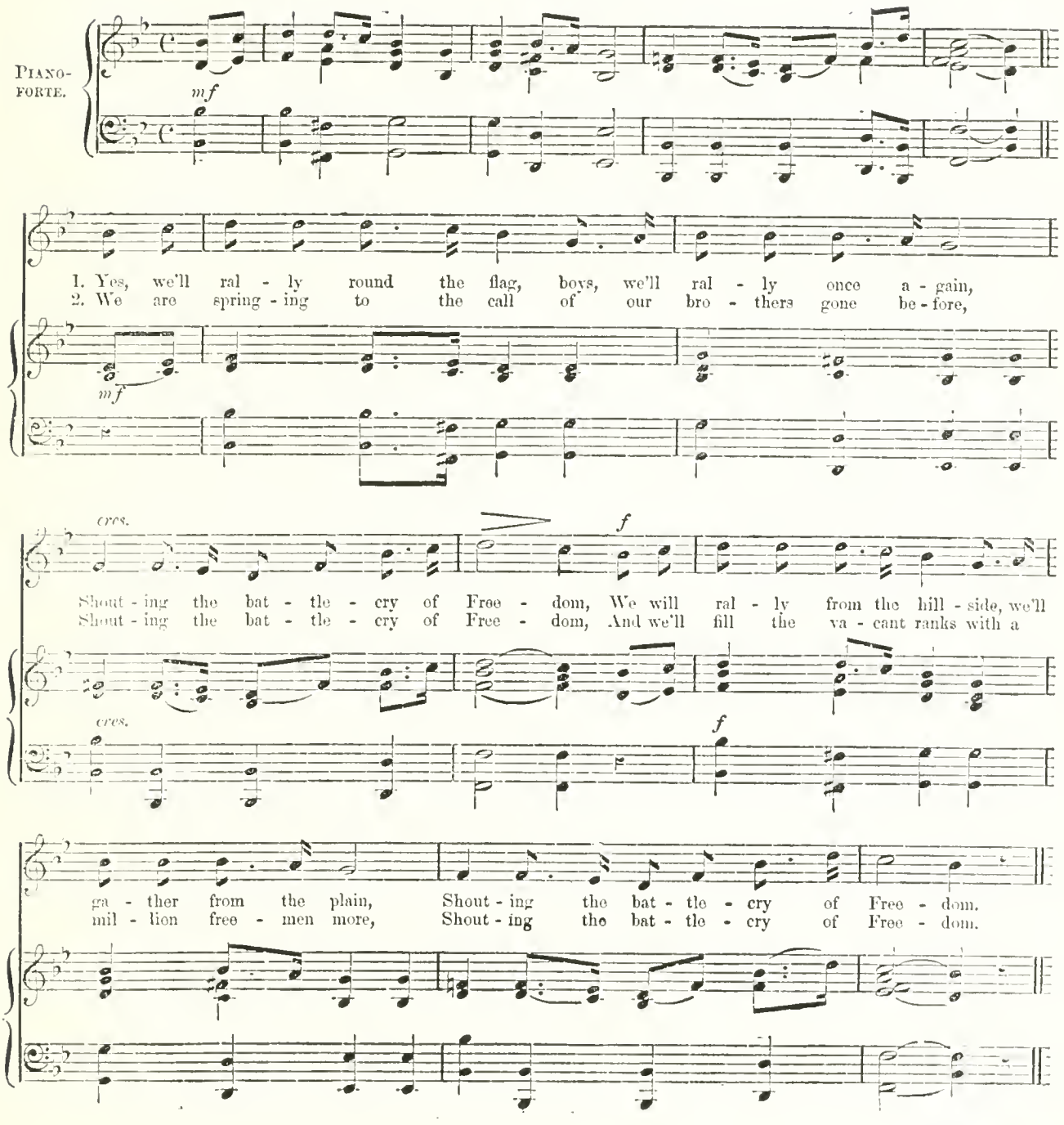

- ress him when we breathe our ev'ning pray'r.
- ress him when we breathe our ev'ning pray'r.
- ress him when we breathe our ev'ning pray'r.
- ress him when we breathe our ev'ning pray'r.

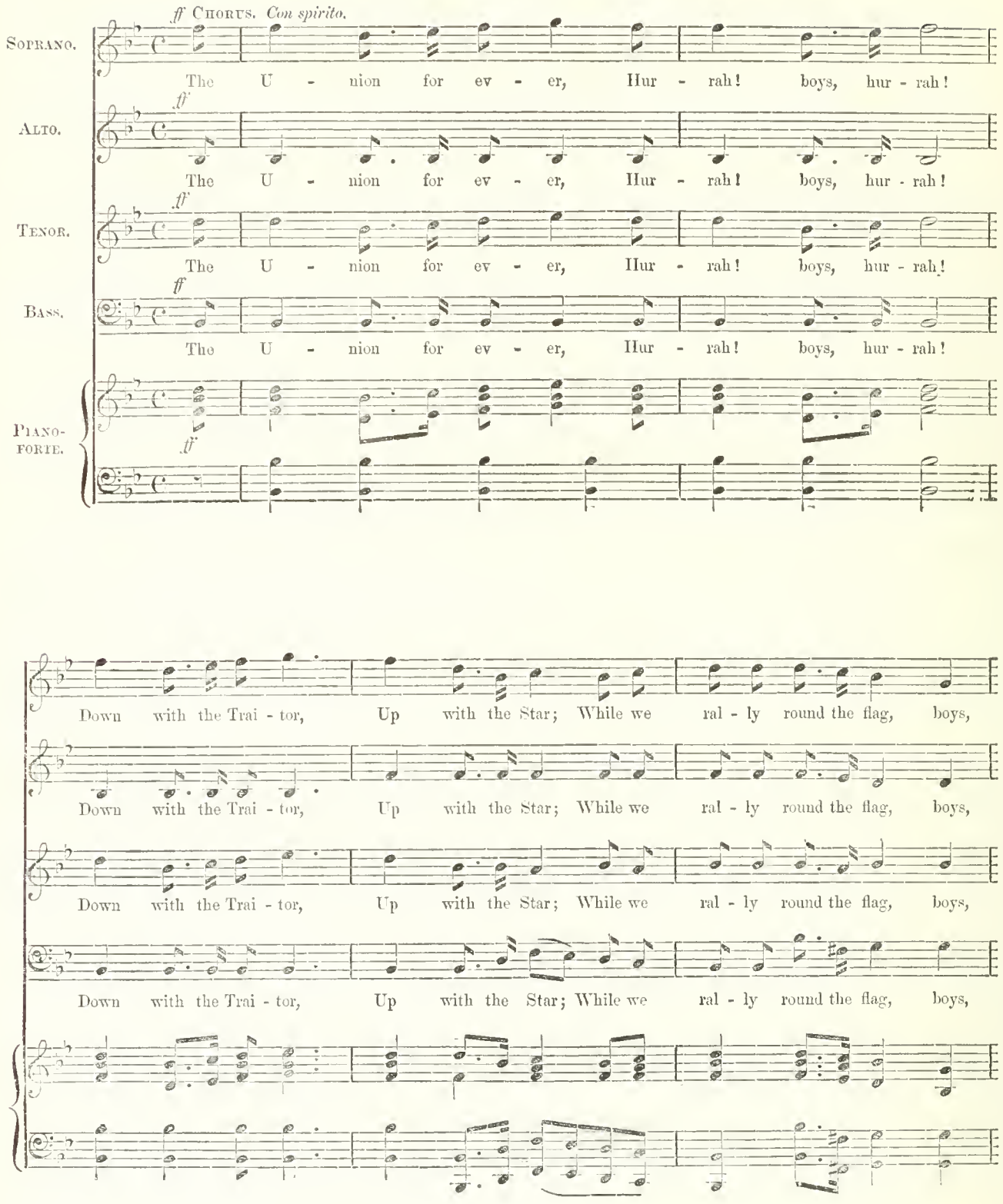
True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Ever more will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed;
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Chorus. We shall miss him, &c.

The Battle Cry of Freedom.

(RALLYING SONG.)


PIANO-FORTE.
mf
1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our bro - thers gone be - fore,
mf
cres.
f
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom, We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom, And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a
cres.
f
ga - ther from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.


ff Chorus. Con spirito.
Soprano.
The U - nion for ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, hur - rah!
Alto.
The U - nion for ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, hur - rah!
Tenor.
The U - nion for ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, hur - rah!
Bass.
The U - nion for ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, hur - rah!
Piano-forte.
Down with the Trai - tor, Up with the Star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,
Down with the Trai - tor, Up with the Star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,
Down with the Trai - tor, Up with the Star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,
Down with the Trai - tor, Up with the Star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

III.

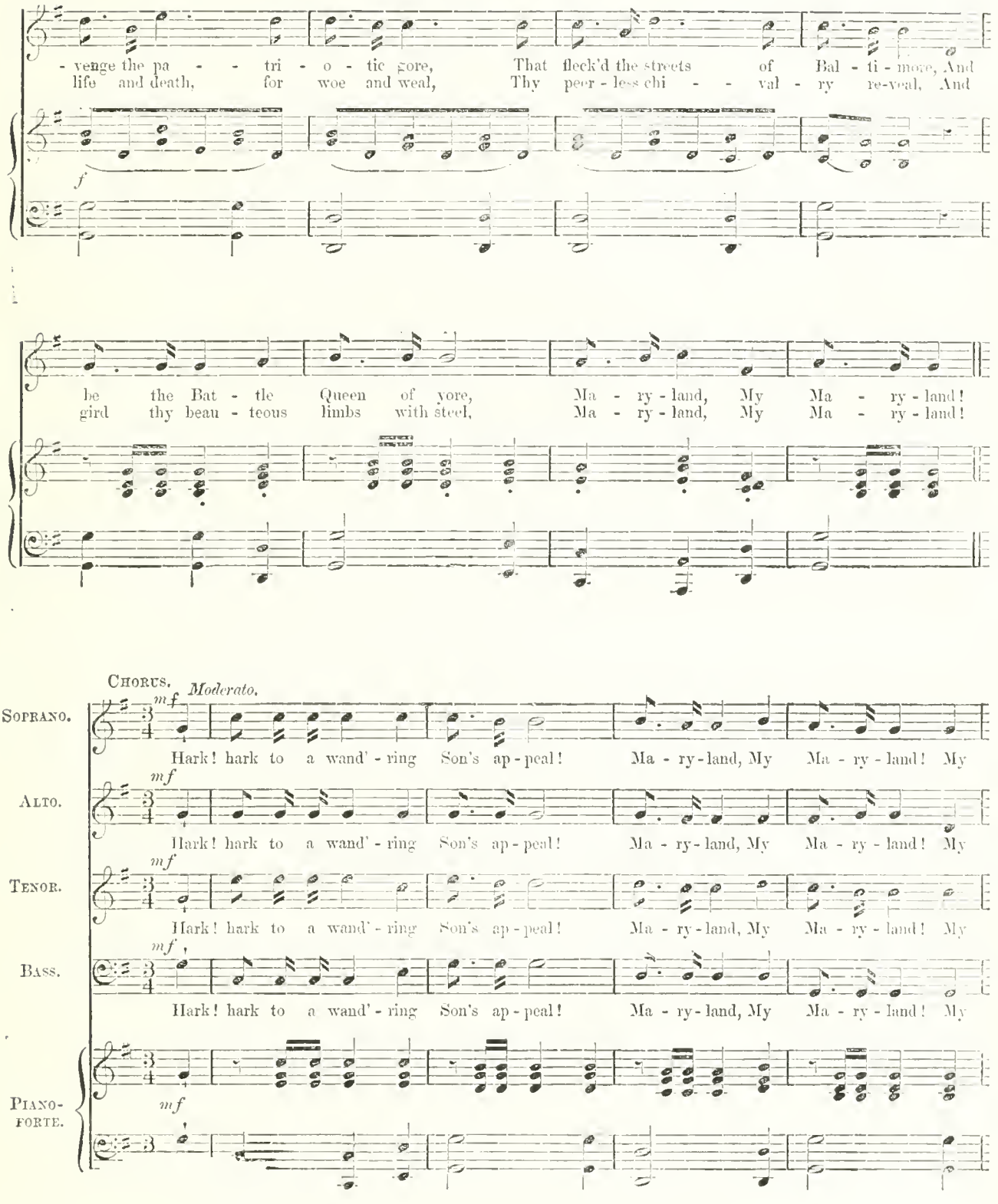
We will welcome to our numbers the loyal true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And although he may be poor he shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
Chorus. The Union for ever, &c.

IV.

So we 're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Chorus. The Union for ever, &c.

Maryland, my Maryland!

Marziale e maestoso.
PIANO-FORTE.
f
sf
1. The des - pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma - ry-land! My Ma - ry-land! His
2. Hark to a wand'-ring Son's ap-peal! Ma - ry-land, My Ma - ry-land! My
p
touch is at thy tem - ple door, Ma - ry-land, My Ma - ry-land! A -
Mo - ther state! to thee I kneel, Ma - ry-land, My Ma - ry-land! For
p
c


- venge the pa - - tri - o - tic gore, That fleck'd the streets of Bal - ti - more, And
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chi - - val - ry re-veal, And
f
be the Bat - tle Queen of yore, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
CHORUS. Moderato.
SOPRANO.
mf
Hark! hark to a wand' - ring Son's ap - peal! Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land! My
ALTO.
mf
Hark! hark to a wand' - ring Son's ap - peal! Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land! My
TENOR.
mf
Hark! hark to a wand' - ring Son's ap - peal! Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land! My
BASS.
mf
Hark! hark to a wand' - ring Son's ap - peal! Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land! My
PIANO-FORTE.
mf

cres.
poco rit.
p rall.
Mo - ther state to thee I kneel, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
cres.
p
Mo - ther state to thee I kneel, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
cres.
p
Mo - ther state to thee I kneel, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
cres.
p
Mo - ther state to thee I kneel, Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land!
cres.
poco rit.
p rall.
colla parte.
mf
8va
a tempo.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'rers with the just,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

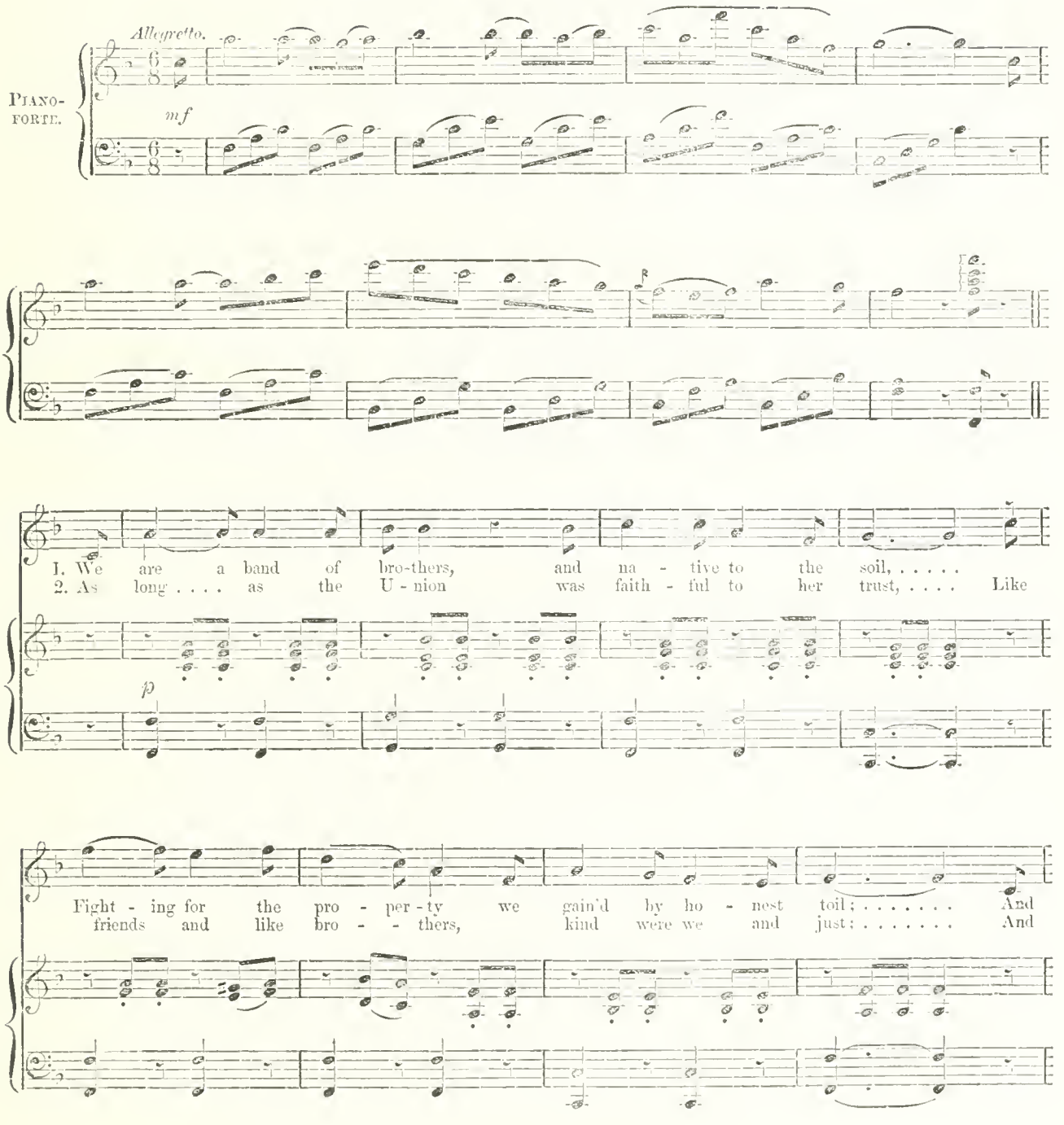
Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, My Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
'Sic semper' 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

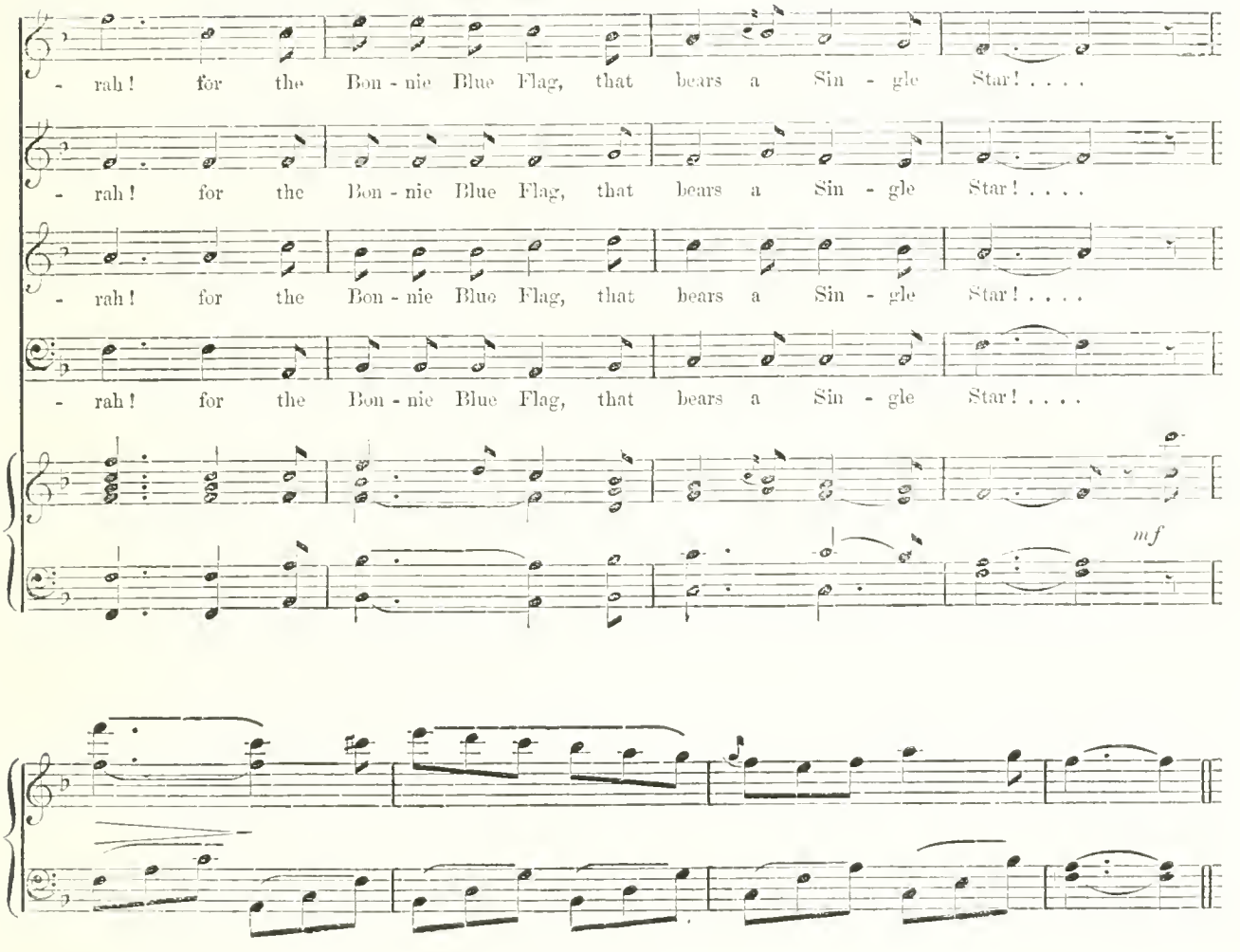
Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Thou wilt not brook to his control,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, My Maryland!
Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland, My Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland, My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland, My Maryland!
Chorus. Hark! hark! &c.

The bonnie blue Flag


Allegretto.
PIANO-FORTE.
mf
1. We are a band of bro-thers, and na - tive to the soil, ...
2. As long . . . . as the U - nion was faith - ful to her trust, ... Like
p
Fight - ing for the pro - per - ty we gain'd by ho - nest toil; . . . . . And
friends and like bro - - thers, kind were we and just; . . . . . And

when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far: . . . . . Hur -
now, when North - ern treach-'ry at - tempts our rights to mar, ... We
p
- rah for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle star! . . . . . .
hoist on high the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle star! . . . . . .
mf
Chorus.
Soprano.
f
Hur - rah! . . . . . hur - rah! . . . . for South - ern State hur - rah! . . . . Hur -
Alto.
f
Hur - rah! . . . . . hur - rah! . . . . for South - ern State hur - rah! . . . . Hur -
Tenor.
f
Hur - rah! . . . . . hur - rah! . . . . for South - ern State hur - rah! . . . . Hur -
Bass.
f
Hur - rah! . . . . . hur - rah! . . . . for South - ern State hur - rah! . . . . Hur -
Piano-forte.
f


- rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star! . . . .
- rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star! . . . .
- rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star! . . . .
- rah! for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star! . . . .
mf

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand,
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!
Chorus. Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

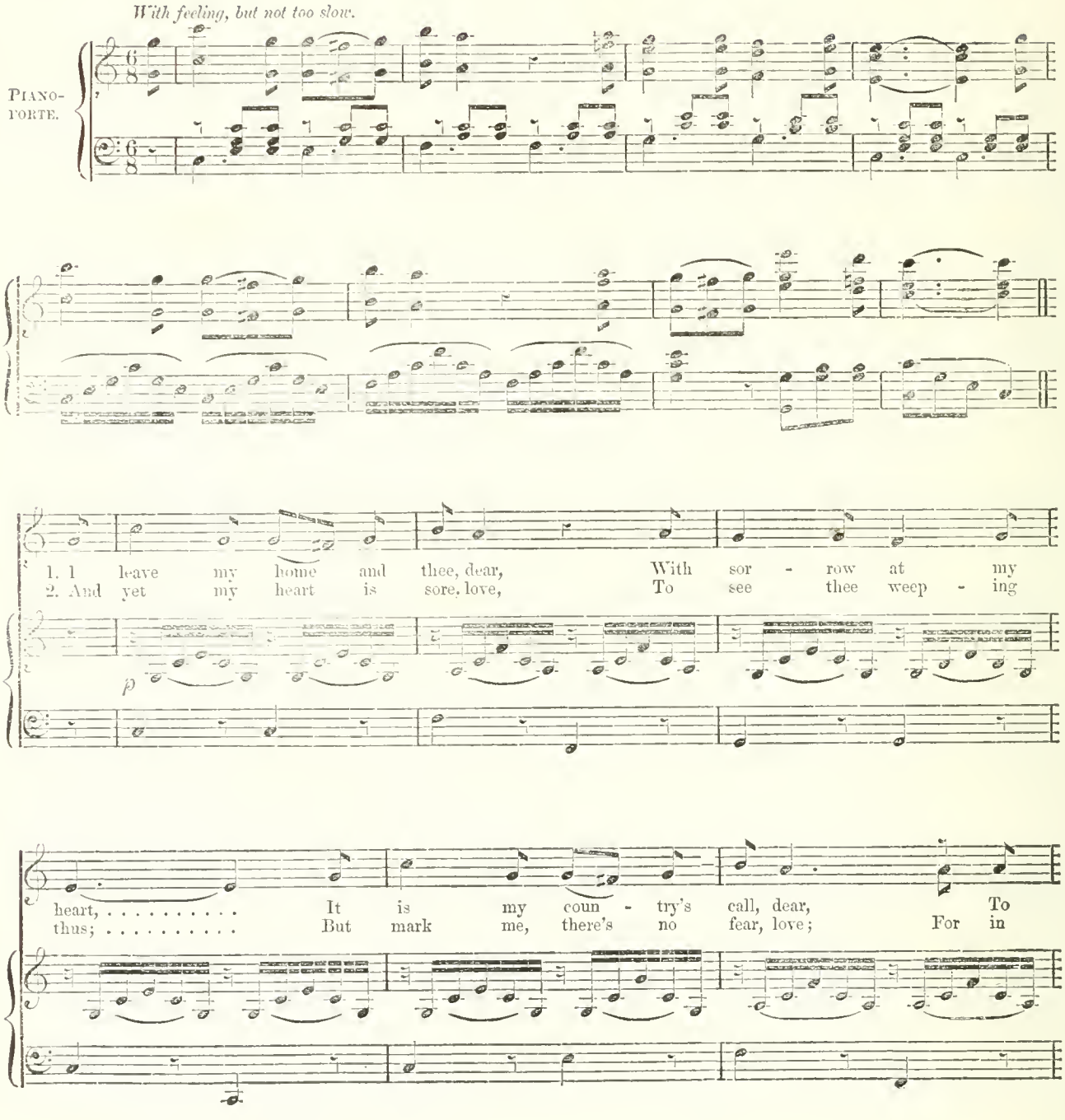
Ye men of valour gather round the Banner of the Right!
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davies, our lov'd President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!
Chorus. Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confed'racy at length has link'd her fate;
Impell'd by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!
Chorus. Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Then here's to our Confed'racy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a Single Star!
Chorus. Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Then, cheer boys, cheer, and raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven!
Chorus. Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

It is my Country's Call.


With feeling, but not too slow.
Piano-forte.
1. I leave my home and thee, dear, With sor - row at my
2. And yet my heart is sore, love, To see thee weep - ing
p
heart, ... It is my coun - try's call, dear, To
thus; . . . . . But mark me, there's no fear, love; For in

aid her I de - part; . . . . . And on the blood - red bat - tle plain We'll
Hea - ven is our trust; . . . . . And if the hea - vy, droop-ing tear Swells
f
f
ff
con - quer or we'll die, ... 'Tis for our hon - our and our name, We
in my mourn - ful eye, ... It is that north - men of our land Should
ff
raise the bat - tle cry. . . . . } Then weep not dear - est, weep not, If
cause the bat - tle cry. . . . . }
in her cause I fall, ... O, weep not, dear - est,

III.

Our rights have been usurp'd, dear,
By Northmen of our land,
Fanatics raised the cry, dear,
Politicians fired the brand.
The Southrons spurn the galling yoke,
The tyrant's threats defy,
They find we've sons like sturdy oak
To raise the battle-cry.
Then weep not, dearest, &c.

IV.

I knew you'd let me go, pet,
I saw it in that tear,
To join the gallant men, pet,
Who never yet knew fear.
With Beauregard and Davis,
We'll gain our cause or die;
Win battles like Manassas,
And raise our battle-cry.
Then weep not, dearest, &c.

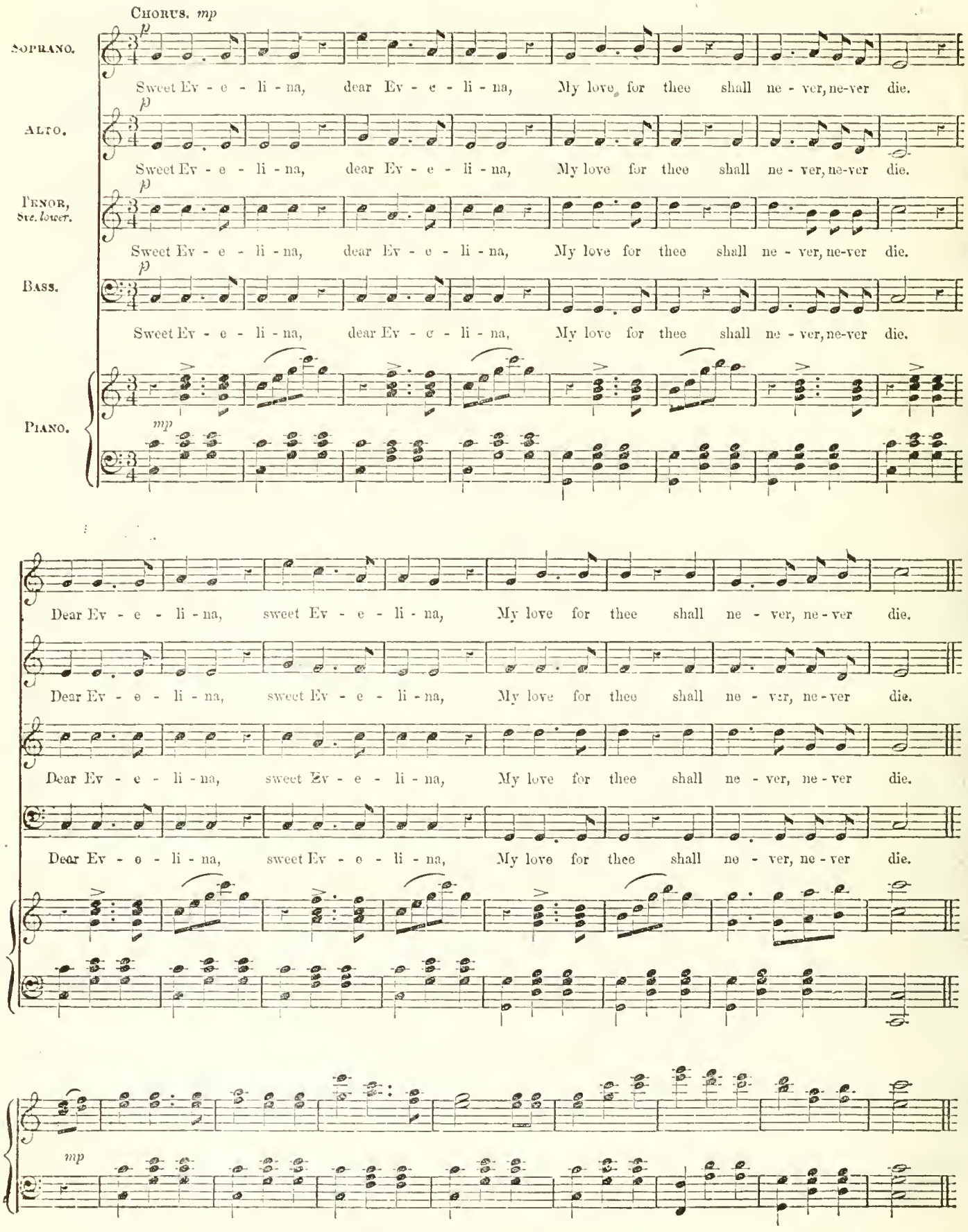
TWENTY
CHRISTY'S MINSTREL'S SONGS.

NINTH SELECTION.

Sweet Evelina.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Andante, Moderato.
Piano.
p dolce.
1. 'Way down in the mea - dow where the li - ly first blows, Where the wind from the
2. She's straight as a post, like an eel she is sleek, And she ne - ver was
p
moun - tain ne'er ruf - fles the rose, Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, sweet
known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her
lit - tle che - rub, The pride of the val - ley, the gal dat I lub.
ra - ven - black hair, And she ne - ver re - quires a - ny 'fu - me - ry there.


Chorus. mp
Soprano.
Sweet Ev - e - li - na, dear Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne-ver die.
Alto.
Sweet Ev - e - li - na, dear Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne-ver die.
Tenor, 8va. lower.
Sweet Ev - e - li - na, dear Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne-ver die.
Bass.
Sweet Ev - e - li - na, dear Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne-ver die.
Piano.
mp
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne - ver die.
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne - ver die.
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne - ver die.
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall ne - ver, ne - ver die.
mp

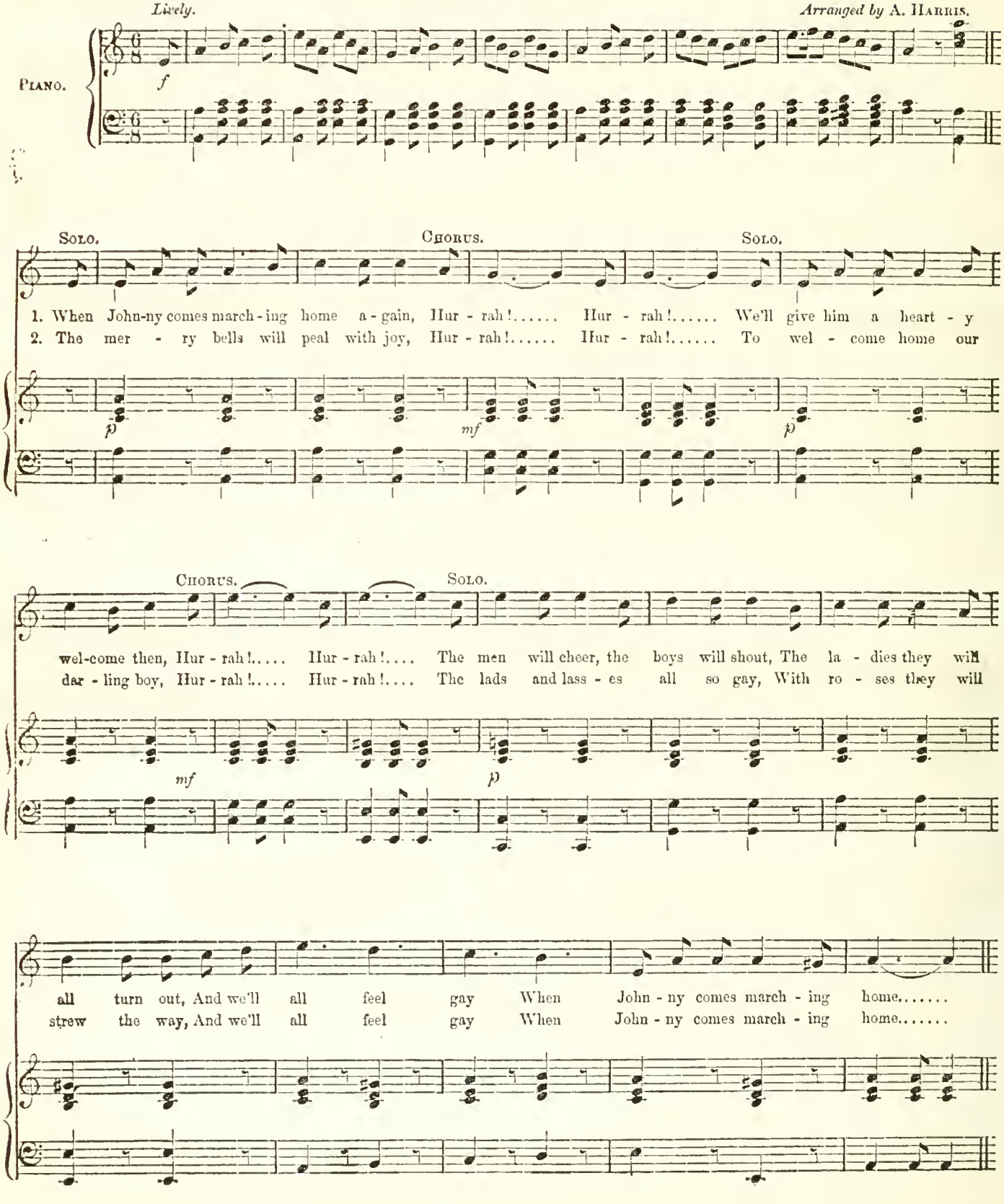
THIRD AND FOURTH VERSES.

3. Ev - e - li - na and I, one fine ev - 'ning in June, Took a walk all a -
4. Three years have gone by,..... and I've not got a dol-lar, Ev - e - li - na still
p
- lone, by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all shone, for the
lives in the green gras - sy hol-ler; Al - though I am fa - ted to
hea - vens were clear, And I felt in my heart, oh! most might - i - ly queer.
mar - ry her ne-ver, I'm sure it will last for e - ver and e - ver.

Repeat Chorus.

When Johnny comes Marching Home.

Lively. *Arranged by* A. Harris.


Piano.
f
Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur-rah!..... Hur-rah!..... We'll give him a heart-y
2. The mer-ry bells will peal with joy, Hur-rah!..... Hur-rah!..... To wel-come home our
p
mf
p
Chorus.
Solo.
wel-come then, Hur-rah!..... Hur-rah!.... The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la-dies they will
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah!..... Hur-rah!.... The lads and lass-es all so gay, With ro-ses they will
mf
p
all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When John-ny comes march-ing home.....
strew the way, And we'll all feel gay When John-ny comes march-ing home.....

Chorus. f
Solo.
And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home!....
Alto.
And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home!....
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home!....
Bass.
And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home!....
Piano.
mf
f

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Repeat Chorus.

Let Love and Friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Repeat Chorus.

Break it gently to my Mother! *

SONG AND CHORUS.

F. Buckley.

Andante Moderato.
Piano.
1. See, ere the sun sinks be - hind those hills, Ere
2. Oh, say that in bat - tle I've no - bly died, For
p
dark-ness the earth doth co - ver, You will lay me low in the cold, damp ground; Break it gent - ly.... to..... my
Right and my coun-try's hon-our; Like the reap - er's grain fell the lead - en rain, Yet sav'd was our star - - ry
mo-ther! I see her sweet, sad face on me now, And a smile doth o'er it ho-ver: But,
ban-ner! My sis - ter, play-mate of boy - hood's years, Will la - ment her fall - en brother; She must
cres.
dim.

* This Ballad was suggested by the following incident. On the battle-field of Gettysburg, among many of the wounded soldiers was a young man, the only son of an aged mother. Hearing the surgeon tell his companions that he could not survive the ensuing night, he placed his hand upon his forehead, talking continually of his mother and sister, and said to his comrades assembled around him, "Break it gently to my mother!"

ad lib.
Oh! I would spare the tears that will flow; Break it gently..... to..... my mother!
try to.... soothe our pa - rent's woe; Break it gently..... to..... my mother!
pp
ad lib.
Chorus. f
pp cres. dim.
Treble.
Good bye, my mo-ther, e - ver dear. Sis - ter, you lov'd your bro- ther.
Alto.
Good bye, my mo-ther, e - ver dear. Sis - ter, you lov'd your bro- ther.
f
pp cres. dim.
Tenor.
Good bye, my mo-ther, e - ver dear. Sis - ter, you lov'd your bro- ther.
Bass.
Good bye, my mo-ther, e - ver dear. Sis - ter, you lov'd your bro- ther.
f
pp
Piano.
p
pp
Com - rades, I take a..... last fare - well; Break it gent - ly to my mo- ther.
Com - rades, I take a last fare - well; Break it gent - ly to my mo- ther.
p
pp
Com - rades, I take a last fare - well; Break it gent - ly to my mo- ther.
Com - rades, I take a last fare - well; Break it gent - ly to my mo- ther.
p
pp

Brother's fainting at the Door.

Words by E. Bowers. *Music by* P. E. Isaacs.

Voice.
Piano.
Andante, con Espressione.
p
p
1. Yon-der comes a wea - ry
2. "Tell us, bro - ther, of the
3. "I was wound - ed, and a
soldier, With falt - 'ring steps a-cross the moor, Mem'ries · of the past steal o'er me, He
bat-tle; Why, you were number'd with the slain! We, who thought you lost for e - ver, Now
pris'ner, Our ranks were bro-ken, fore'd to fly, Thrown with - in a gloom - y dungeon, A -
tot - ters to the cot-tage door; Look, my heart can-not de - ceive me, 'Tis one we deem'd on earth no
clasp you to our arms a - gain; Oh, may o-thers share the bless - ing Which Hea - ven kind - ly keeps in
- way from friends, a-lone to die; Still the hope was strong with - in me, A cher - ish'd hope that would re -
more. Call mother, haste, do not tar - ry, For bro - ther's faint-ing at the door.
store! May they meet their ab-sent lov'd ones, Ay, e'en though faint-ing at the door!"
- store, I have lived by Heaven's bless-ing, To meet my lov'd ones at the door."

Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
Bass.
Piano.
cres.
f
p
Kind-ly greet the weary sol - dier, Words of comfort may re - store,..... You may have an absent bro - ther
Faint - ing at a stranger's door, You may have an ab-sent bro - ther Fainting at a stranger's door.

By the lone River-Side.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Andante Moderato. P. F. Sullivan.

Piano.

mp espressione.

1. By the lone ri - ver - side, at the mer - ry e - ven - tide, Sweet Lil - ly and I.... us'd to
2. Her.... eyes of deep-est blue, and her hair of sun - ny hue, Her lips, which al-ways wore a
3. Down... where the cy-prus grows, where the ri - ver gent-ly flows, They've laid my love, so pure and

p

stray;..... With a form of art - less grace, and a hap - py smil - ing face, She shed o'er each
smile;..... And her pear - ly teeth be - tween an ex - pres-sion so se - rene, A heart pure and
fair,..... But high up in the skies, from all earth - ly woes and ties, Dwells the spi - rit of my

heart a sun - ny ray. Oh,.... when I re - mem - ber those hap - py, hap - py
free from e - v'ry guile. Thoughts of this an - gel - crea - ture come crowd - ing thick and
darl - ing free from care. But.... ah! when re - col - lec - tion of this dear one fills my

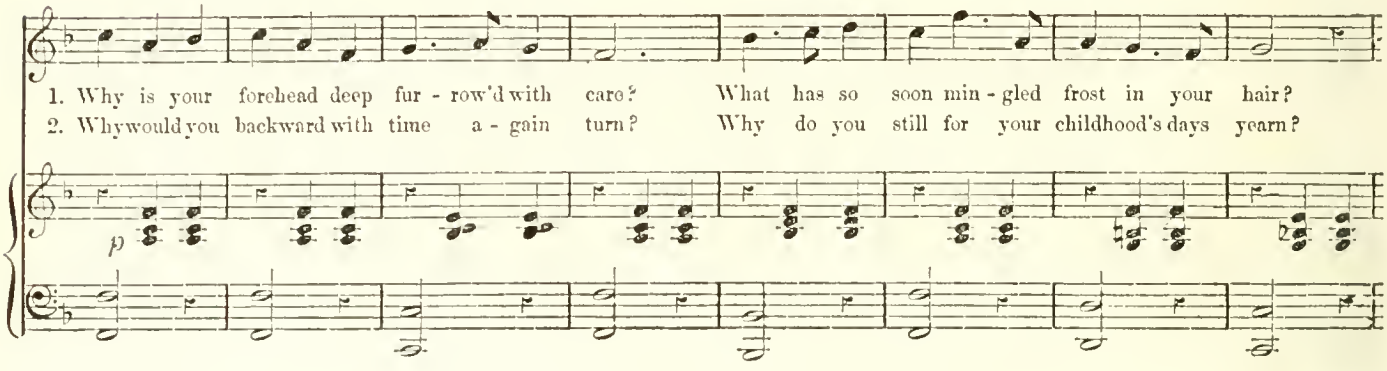
rall.
days, And think of my com - pan - ion in each dell. I.... bow my head in
fast, And I suf - fer more than hu - man heart can tell, For thy love - ly form I
brain, The death-blow of my fond hopes, and my knell, I.... to her grave re-
rall.
sor-row, and re - gret the com - ing morrow, For it brings not my pret - ty Lil - ly Bell.
miss, and thy sweet.. ho - nied kiss, The.... greet-ing of my pret - ty Lil - ly Bell.
- pair, and in an-guish drop a tear, A..... tear on the grave of Lil - ly Bell.
Chorus.
Soprano. mp
rall.
I bow my head in sor-row, and re - gret the com-ing morrow, For it brings not my pret-ty Lil - ly Bell.
Alto.
rall.
I bow my head in sor-row, and re - gret the com-ing morrow, For it brings not my pret-ty Lil - ly Bell.
Tenor.
rall.
I bow my head in sor row, and re - gret the com-ing morrow, For it brings not my pret-ty Lil - ly Bell.
Bass.
rall.
I bow my head in sorrow, and re - gret the com-ing morrow, For it brings not my pret-ty Lil - ly Bell.
p
rall.

Call me not back from the Echoless Shore,

IN REPLY TO

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Andante, Grazioso. HENRY TUCKER.


1. Why is your forehead deep fur - row'd with care? What has so soon min - gled frost in your hair?
2. Why would you backward with time a - gain turn? Why do you still for your childhood's days yearn?
p

rock you to sleep? Could you but see thro' this world's vale of tears,.....
path leads you home! Oh, dear - est child, dry those tears, weep no more,.....

rall.
a tempo.
Light would your sor - rows be, harm - less your fears, All that seems dark - ness to
Call me not back from the e - cho - less shore; Fol - low me cheer - ful - ly,
rall.
a tempo.
ad lib.
you would be light, All would be sun - shine where now is but night.
pray do not weep, In spi - rit I'll soothe you and rock you to sleep.
colla voce.
Chorus.
Soprano.
mf
Rather slow. dim.
p a tempo.
Fol-low me cheer-ful - ly, pray do not weep, In spi - rit I'll soothe you, and rock you to sleep.
Alto.
Fol-low me cheer-ful - ly, pray do not weep, In spi - rit I'll soothe you, and rock you to sleep.
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
Fol-low me cheer-ful - ly, pray do not weep, In spi - rit I'll soothe you, and rock you to sleep.
Bass.
Fol-low me cheer-ful - ly, pray do not weep, In spi - rit I'll soothe you, and rock you to sleep.
Piano.
mf
colla voce.
p
a tempo.

I dreamed my Boy was Home again.

Composed by C. C. Sawyer. SONG AND CHORUS. *Arranged by* J. A. Wade.

Andante.

Piano.

mf *p dolce.*

p

1. Lone - - ly, wea-ry, bro-ken - heart - - ed, As I laid me down to sleep,
2. Tears were chang'd to loud re - joic - - ings, Night was turn'd to end-less day!
3. But the dream is past, and with it All my hap - pi-ness is gone;

p

cres. *rit.*

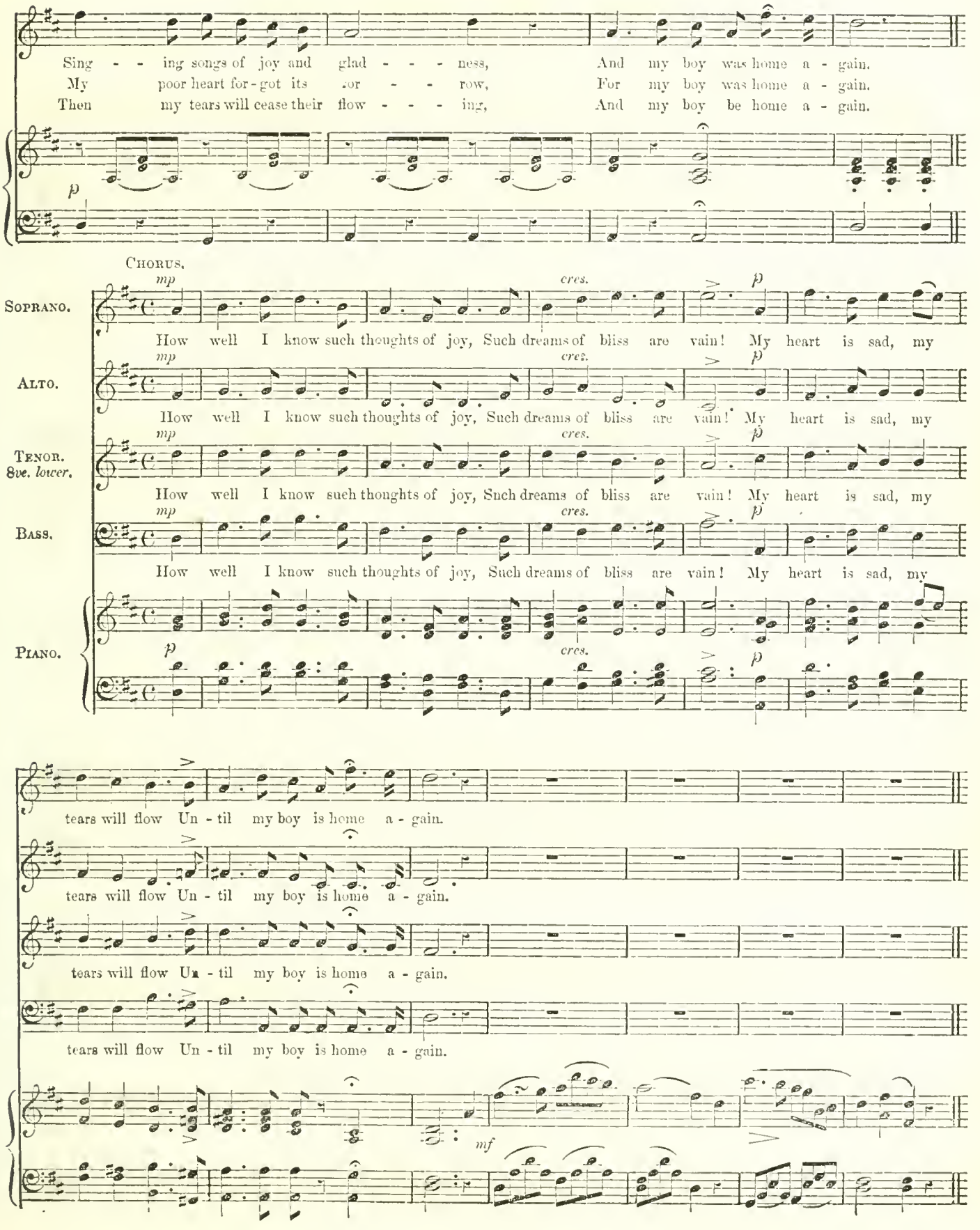
Think - ing of the day we part - - ed, When you told me not to weep.
Love - ly birds were sweet-ly sing - - ing, Flow - ers bloom'd in bright ar - ray,
Cheer - ful thoughts of joy have van - - ish'd, I must still in sor - row mourn;

cres. *colla voce.*

a tempo.

Soon I dream'd that peace - ful an - - gels Ho - ver'd o'er the bat - tle plain,
Old and young seem'd light and cheer - ful, Peace seem'd ev' - ry - where to reign;
Soon may peace with all its bless - - ings Our un - hap - py land re - claim;

a tempo.


Sing - - ing songs of joy and glad - - - - ness, And my boy was home a - gain.
My poor heart for - got its sor - - - row, For my boy was home a - gain.
Then my tears will cease their flow - - - ing, And my boy be home a - gain.
p
Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor. 8ve. lower.
Bass.
Piano.
mp
cres.
p
How well I know such thoughts of joy, Such dreams of bliss are vain! My heart is sad, my
tears will flow Un - til my boy is home a - gain.
mf

Jane of Rabenswood.

Words by Frank Spear. *Music by* M. Keller.

Moderato.
Piano.
p
1. 'Twas spring - time, as the wave - lets play'd, And dane'd the rude rocks o'er,..... When
2. In sum - mer heat, in sha - dy groves, Be - neath some whisp' - ring pine,..... While
3. But au - tumn, with its fall - ing leaves, Brings pale - ness to her cheek;..... Her
I so oft at eve - ning stray'd, By old Long Is - land's shore;....
she some fra - grant gar - lands wove, I wooed her to be mine.....
fee - ble voice my heart doth grieve, My thoughts I dare not speak.....
cres.
There Jane's sweet face and ha - zel eye En - tranc'd me as I
Light fell her hand with - in my own, She blush'd be - neath her
Though, Jen - nie, dear, thine an - - gel - form Is with the blest and
f

stood,.... And oft she caus'd my heart to sigh, Sweet Jane of Ra - vens - wood....
hood,.... While at her feet sweet flow'rs were strewn, Sweet Jane of Ra - vens - wood....
good,.... I mourn thee in the win - try storm, Sweet Jane of Ra - vens - wood....
Chorus.
cres.
Soprano.
There Jane's sweet face and ha - zel eye En - tranc'd me as I stood,... And
Alto.
There Jane's sweet face and ha zel eye En - tranc'd me as I stood,... And
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
There Jane's sweet face and ha - zel eye En - tranc'd me as I stood,.... And
Bass.
There Jane's sweet face and ha - zel eye En - tranc'd me as I stood,... And
Piano.
oft she caus'd my heart to sigh, Sweet Jane of Ra - vens - wood....
oft she caus'd my heart to sigh, Sweet Jane of Ra - vens - wood....
oft she caus'd my heart to sigh, Sweet Jane of Ra - vens - wood....
oft she caus'd my heart to sigh, Sweet Jane of Ra - vens - wood....

Little Maggie Dale.

Moderato. *Composed by* F. Buckley.

Piano.

p dolce.

1. Eyes as bright as dia - monds, Teeth as clear as pearls, Cheeks like blush - ing ro - ses,
2. Gone is now the mu - sic Of her child-ish voice, Ne - ver more her sweet smile Will

p *cres.*

rit. *a tempo.*

Fram'd in ra - ven curls, Lit-tle hands like blos-soms Of the li - ly pale, Had our darl-ing
make our heart re - joice; All in vain we seek her In the leaf - y vale, For she is in

colla voce. *a tempo.*

sis - ter, Lit-tle Mag - gie Dale.
hea - ven, Lit-tle Mag - gie Dale.

When the night is

L.H.

p

si - lent, Hap-py an - gels seem, Soft-ly, sweet - ly murm'ring To us while we dream.
Chorus.
Soprano.
Little darling Maggie, The fairest of our band, Wilt thou ne - ver come to us a - gain?....
Alto.
Little darling Maggie, The fairest of our band, Wilt thou ne - ver come to us a - gain?..
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
Little darling Maggie, The fairest of our band, Wilt thou ne - ver come to us a - gain?..
Bass.
Little darl-ing Maggie, The fairest of our band, Wilt thou ne - ver come to us a - gain?..
Piano,
cres.
pp a tempo.
When the night is si - lent, Happy an-gels seem Soft - ly, sweet-ly murm'ring To us while we dream..
ritard.

Kingdom Coming.

Sung at St. James's Hall every evening, with great success, by Messrs. Moore, Crocker, Ritter, *and* Hamilton's *Troupe.*

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf

1. Say, dar-keys, hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff-stash on his face, Go long de road some time dis morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He's seen a smoke, way up de rib-ber, Whar de Link-um gum-boats lay; He took his hat an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!

2. He's six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pound, His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tail-or, An' it won't go half way round. He drill so much dey call him Cap-'an, An' he get so dref-ful tanu'd, I spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con-tra-band.

p

Chorus.
Air.
De mas - sa run! ha, ha! De dar - key stay! ho, ho! It
Alto
De mas - sa run! ha, ha! De dar - key stay! ho, ho! It
Tenor. 8ve. lower.
De mas - sa run! ha, ha! De dar - key stay! ho, ho! It
Bass.
De mas - sa run! ha, ha! De dar - key stay! ho, ho! It
Piano,
mf
mus' be now de king - dom com - in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!
mus' be now de king - dom com - in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!
mus' be now de king - dom com - in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!
mus' be now de king - dom com - in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!
Third and Fourth Verses.
3. De dar - keys feel so lone-some lib - ing In de log-house on de lawn, Dey move dar tings to
4. De o - ber - seer he make us trou - ble, An' he dribe us round a spell; We lock him up in de
p

mas - sa's par - lor, For to keep it while he's gone. Dar's wine an' ci - der in de kit-chen, An' de
smoke-house cel - lar, Wid de key trown in de well. De whip is lost, de han' - cuff bro-ken, But de
dar-keys dey'll hab some; I spose dey'll all be corn - fis - ca - ted When de Lin-kum so - jers come.
mas-sa'll hab his pay; He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known bet-ter Dan to went an' run a - way.

Repeat Chorus.

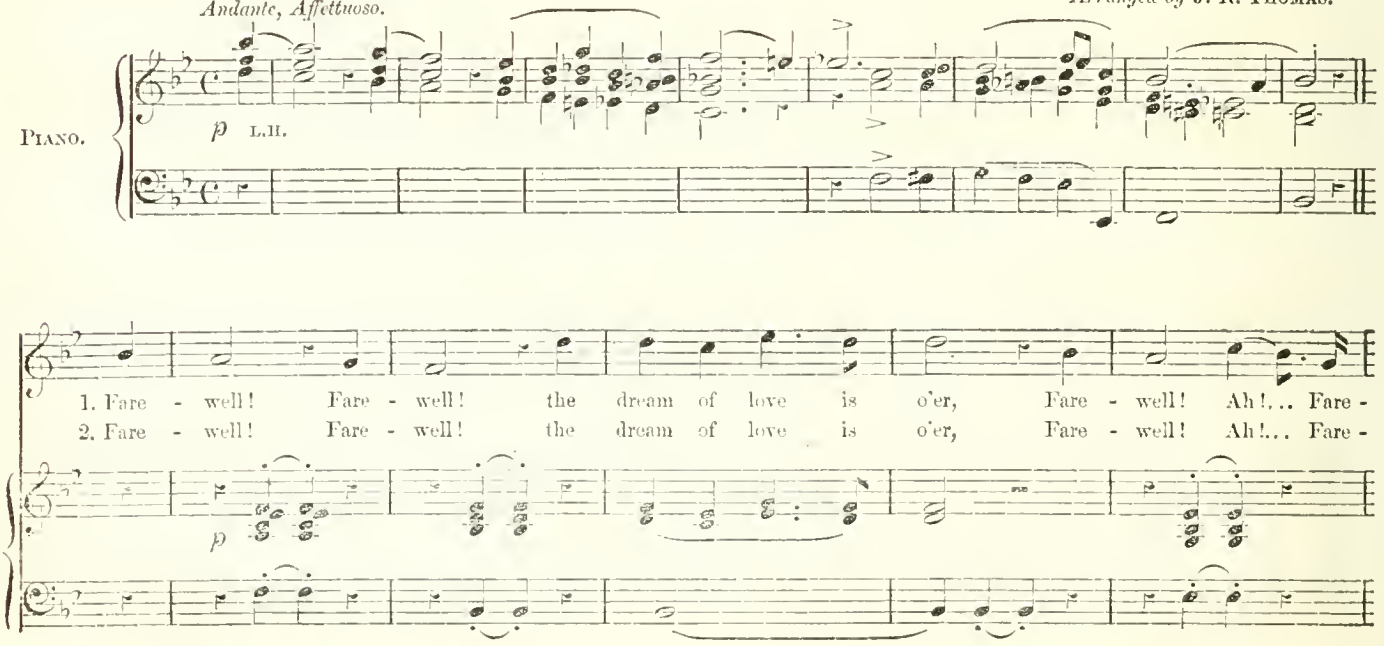
Farewell! the Dream of Love is o'er.

BALLAD.

Composed by W. H. Morris.

Andante, Affettuoso.

Arranged by J. R. Thomas.


Piano.
p L.H.
1. Fare - well! Fare - well! the dream of love is o'er, Fare - well! Ah!... Fare -
2. Fare - well! Fare - well! the dream of love is o'er, Fare - well! Ah!... Fare -
p

poco ritard.
a tempo.
- well! I ne'er shall see thee more, Ne - ver a - gain to hear thy lov'd voice,—
- well! I ne'er shall see thee more; Sad - ly I turn to scenes of the past,
ritard.
a tempo.
ritard.
Mu - sic that with thee dies— Ah!.. Feel its sweet spell, and hold thy soft hand;.....
Bless - ings and hope de - part, Ah!.. When thee I learn'd to cher - ish and love,.....
ritard.
riten.
a tempo.
Gaze in thy melt - ing eyes. Fare - well! Fare - well! the dream of love is o'er, Fare -
Part - ing will break my heart. Fare - well! Fare - well! the dream of love is o'er, Fare -
colla voce.
a tempo. p
- well! Ah!.. Fare - well! I ne'er shall see thee more.
p
L.H.

The Black Brigade.

Words and Music by DAN. D. EMMETT.

Allegro Moderato. SONG. CHORUS. SONG.

VOICE. PIANO.

1. Dar's some-ting rong a brewin'; Gwine to jine de U-nion. Dar's
2. We am de snol-ly-gos-ters, An' lubs Jim Rib-ber oys-ters. We
3. We're gwine to fight the South, O, All by de "word ob mouth," O. We're

mf *p*

CHORUS. SONG.

some-ting rong a brew-in'.
am de snol-ly gos-ters.
gwine to fight the South, O.

Hy-ro! we go! We're on de brink ob ru-in;

mf *p*

CHORUS.

Gwine to jine de U-nion, Ah! ah! ah! ah! de boys from Link-um Land.

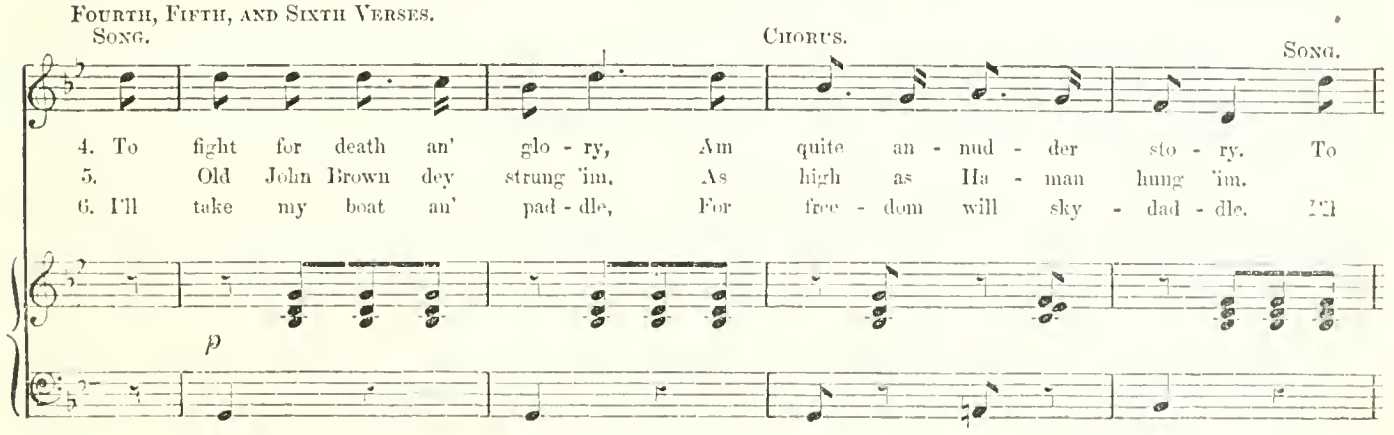
mf

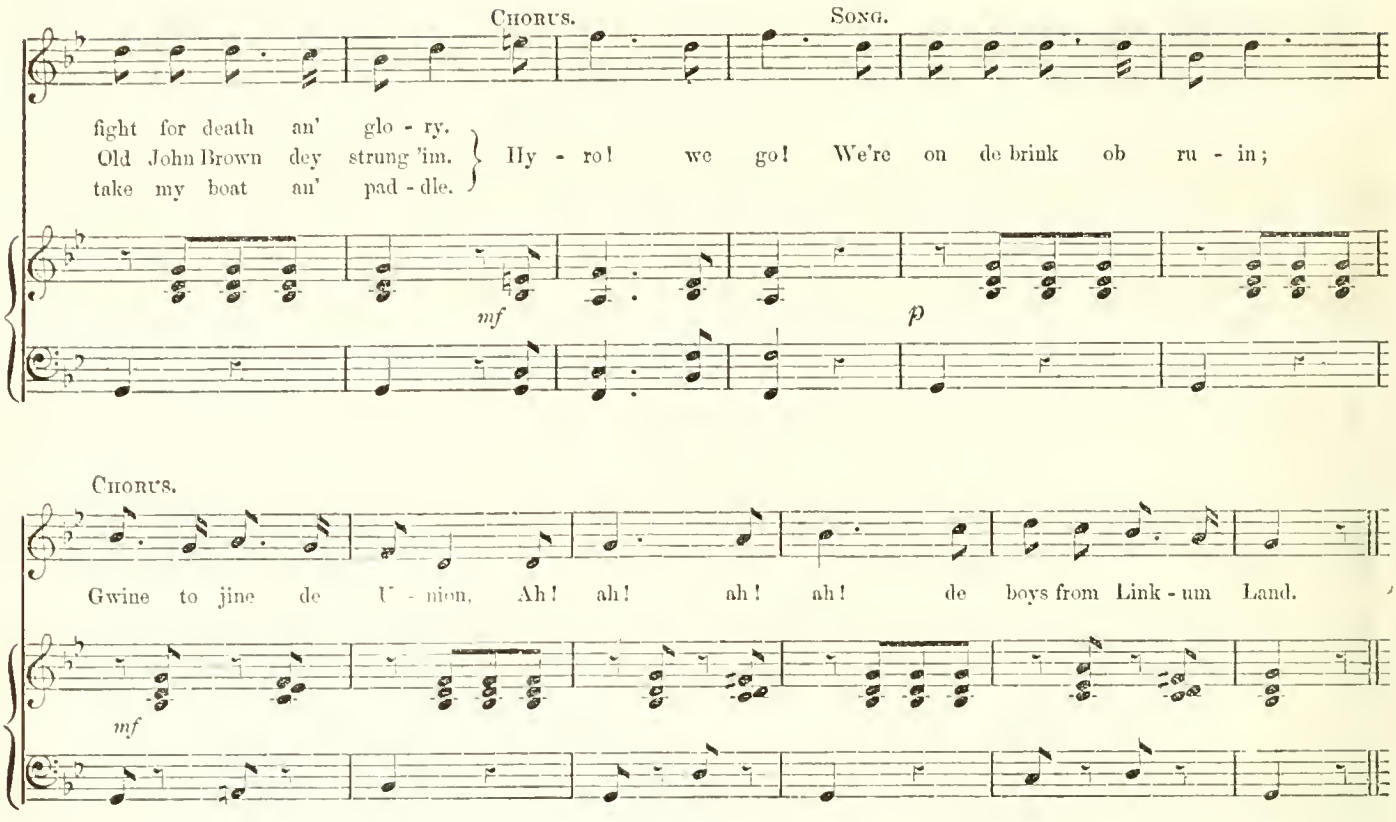
GRAND CHORUS.

Den har-ness up de mule, Be care-ful how you whip, An' mind your

mf

FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH VERSES.


SONG.
CHORUS.
SONG.
4. To fight for death an' glo - ry, Am quite an - nud - der sto - ry. To
5. Old John Brown dey strung 'im, As high as Ha - man hung 'im.
6. I'll take my boat an' pad - dle, For free - dom will sky - dad - dle. I'll
p

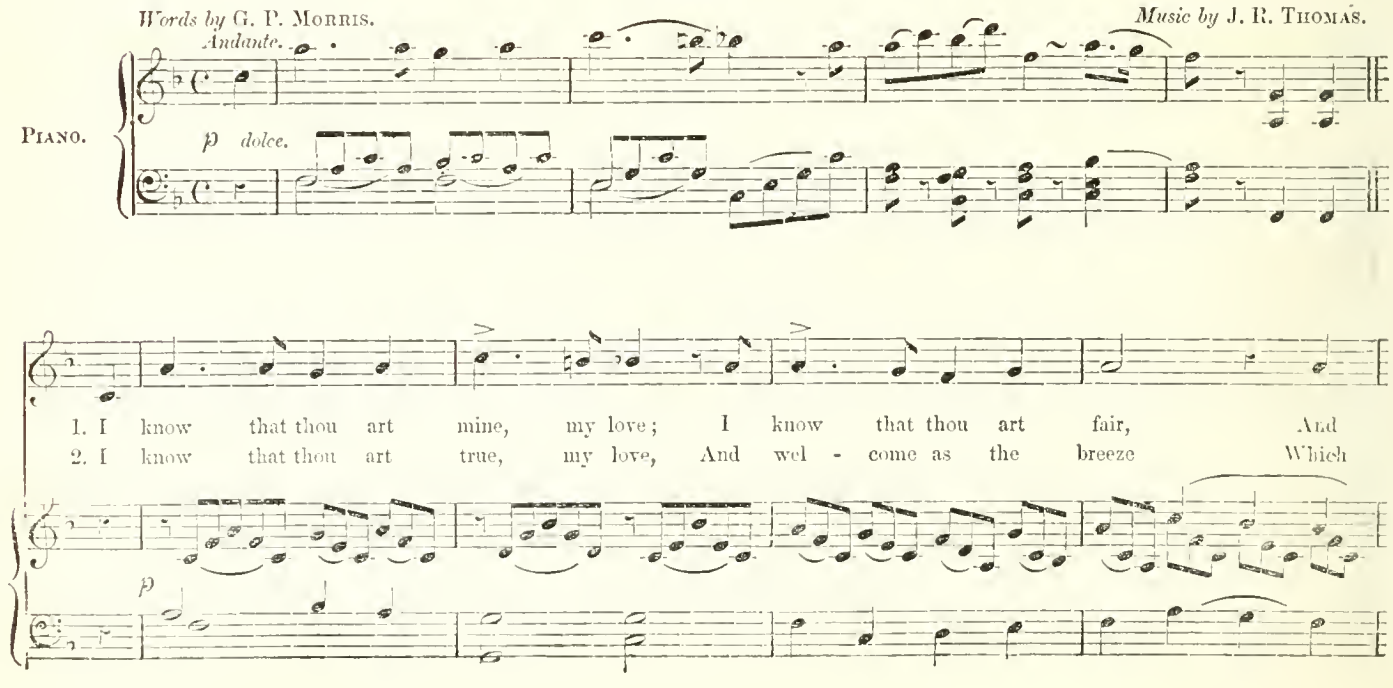

Chorus.
Song.
fight for death an' glo - ry.
Old John Brown dey strung 'im.
take my boat an' pad - dle.
Hy - ro! we go! We're on de brink ob ru - in;
mf
p
Chorus.
Gwine to jine de U - nion, Ah! ah! ah! ah! de boys from Link - um Land.
mf

Repeat Grand Chorus.

Thine, thine, and only thine!

BALLAD.

Words by G. P. Morris. *Music by* J. R. Thomas.

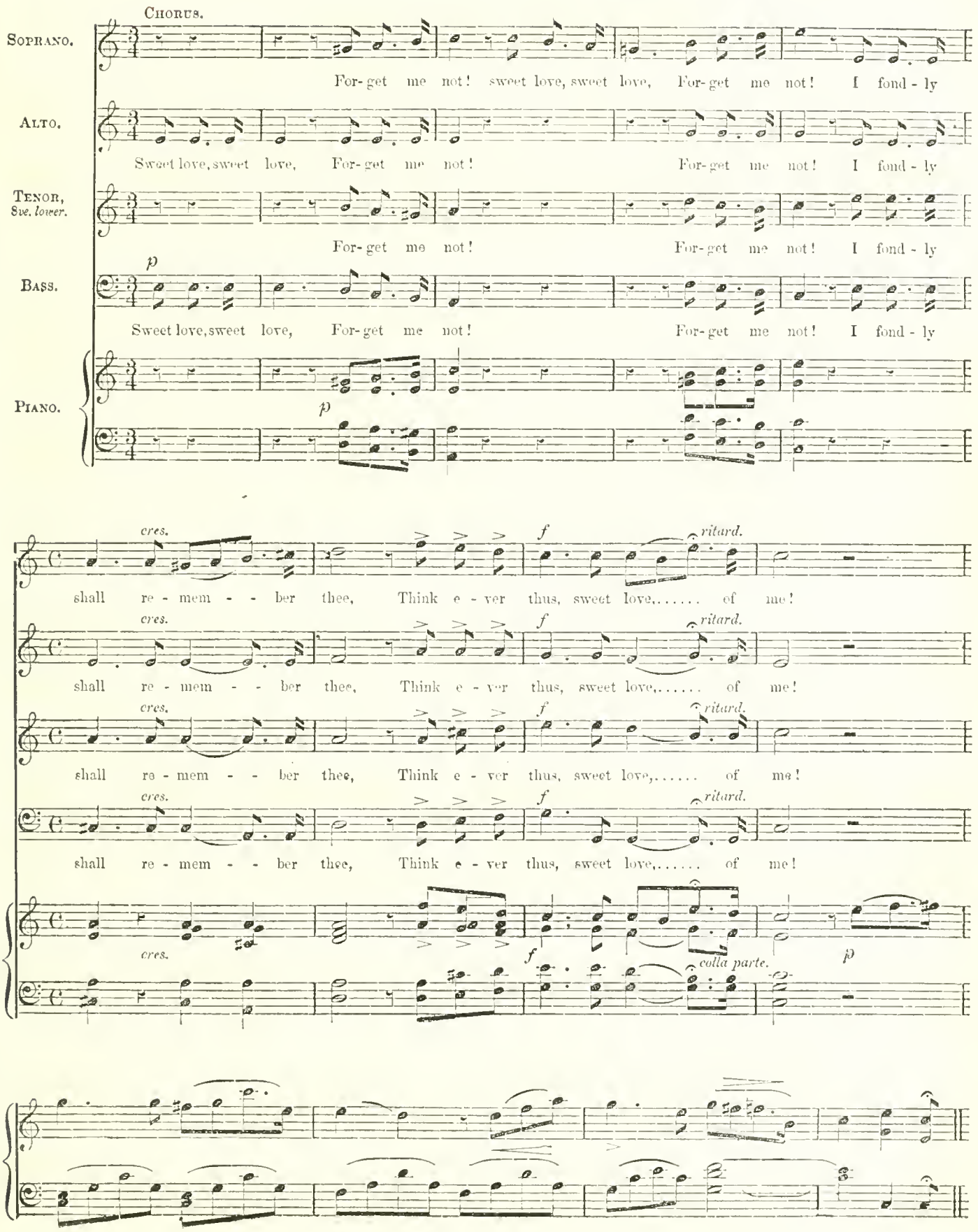

Andante.
Piano.
p dolce.
1. I know that thou art mine, my love; I know that thou art fair, And
2. I know that thou art true, my love, And wel - come as the breeze Which
p

love - lier than the or - ange flow'rs Which bind thy glos - sy hair; That
comes, with heal - ing in its wings, A - cross the sum - mer seas! That
thou hast ev' - ry gen - tle grace Which Na - ture can de - sign; I
thou hast ev' - ry win - ning charm That ren - ders love di - vine; I
know that thou art mine, my love, I know that I am thine! I
know that thou art mine, my love, I know that I am thine! Yes, thine, my love, yes,
f
p
f
thine, my love, Thine, thine, and on - ly thine.
p
f
mf
dim.

Sweet Love, Forget me not!

Words and Music by M. Keller.

Moderato.
Piano.
p espressione.
1. For-get me not, when far from thee I'm roam-ing, In dis-tant lands or on the bil-lows
2. While I am gone, oh, friend and dear-est con-sort! To think of thee will be my on-ly
p
cres.
foam-ing: Though part-ed soon we be by mighty o-ceans, Yet shall I fond-ly still re-mem-ber
com-fort: Though far a-part, love keeps us still u-ni-ted, Our sa-cred vows we ne-ver can for-
cres.
f
thee. Sweet love, sweet love, think e-ver thus of me!..... For-get me not! for-get.... me not!
-get. Sweet love, sweet love, we shall be hap-py yet!..... For-get me not! for-get.... me not!
fz
fz


Chorus.
Soprano.
For-get me not! sweet love, sweet love, For-get me not! I fond-ly
Alto.
Sweet love, sweet love, For-get me not! For-get me not! I fond-ly
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
For-get me not! For-get me not! I fond-ly
Bass.
p
Sweet love, sweet love, For-get me not! For-get me not! I fond-ly
Piano.
p
cres.
f
ritard.
shall re-mem--ber thee, Think e-ver thus, sweet love,..... of me!
colla parte.
p

My Memory turns with fondness back.

Words by A. D. Munson.

Music by F. Buckley.

Moderato.

Piano.

p dolce.

rit.

1. My mem' - ry turns with fond - - ness back To scenes of child - hood
2. From out the wreck of fleet - - ing years, Where hopes and plea - sures
3. The turf is green up - - on your grave, And flow'rs are plant - ed

p

past, And o'er the fa - ding vi - sion seems A ho - ly light to
fade, Where as - pi - ra - tions sleep, for aye, In tombs them - selves have
there, Which, as I kneel up - - on the sod, Per - - fume the earth and

cast; And from its death - less mu - sic comes One voice up - on my
made, A - rise the forms that clus - ter'd round The hearth - stone year by
air. But ah! I can - not, can - not check The mourn - ful, bit - ter

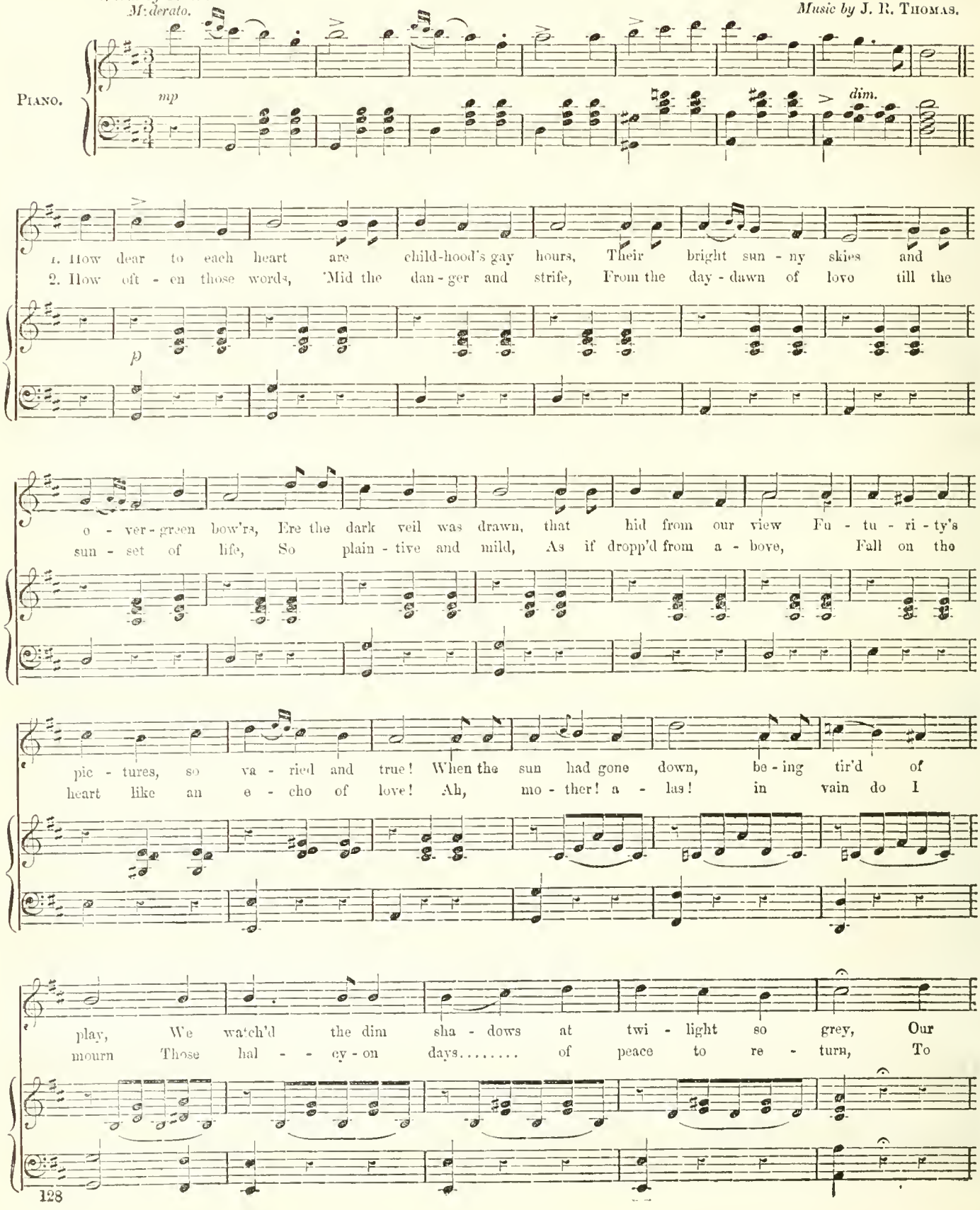
cres.
ear, That fills my heart, its tones are yours, My mo - ther, mo - ther
year, And one is there, most lov'd of all, My mo - ther, mo - ther
tear, When - e'er I think of child - hood's scenes, And you, my mo - ther
cres.
colla voce.
p
dear, And from its death - less mu - - sic comes One voice up - on my
dear, A - rise the forms that clus - - ter'd ronnd The hearth - stone year by
dear, But ah! I can - not, can - - not check The mourn - ful, bit - ter
p
ear, That fills my heart, its tones are yours, My mo - ther, mo - ther dear.
year, And one is there, most lov'd of all, My mo - ther, mo - ther dear.
tear, When - e'er I think of child - hood's scenes, And you, my mo - ther dear.
dolce.

Kiss me; Good Night, Mother!

Words by F. B. Murtha
Moderato.

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. Thomas.


Piano.
mp
dim.
1. How dear to each heart are child-hood's gay hours, Their bright sun - ny skies and
2. How oft - en those words, 'Mid the dan - ger and strife, From the day - dawn of love till the
p
o - ver - green bow'rs, Ere the dark veil was drawn, that hid from our view Fu - tu - ri - ty's
sun - set of life, So plain - tive and mild, As if dropp'd from a - bove, Fall on the
pic - tures, so va - ried and true! When the sun had gone down, be - ing tir'd of
heart like an e - cho of love! Ah, mo - ther! a - las! in vain do I
play, We watch'd the dim sha - dows at twi - light so grey, Our
mourn Those hal - - cy - on days..... of peace to re - turn, To

hearts full o' Love. Each said with de - light,.....
be but a child a - gain, hap - py and bright!.....
"Kiss me; Good night, mo - ther!
p
pp
cres.
kiss me; Good night! Kiss me; Good night, mo - ther! kiss me; Good night!"
Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
Bass.
Piano.
"Kiss me; Good night, mother! kiss me; Good night! Kiss me; Good night, mother! kiss me; Good night!"
espressione.
dim.

Footsteps on the Stairs.

E. G. B. Holder.

Moderato.

Piano.

p *con espress.*

1. I miss them now, those lit - tle feet, That used to come so oft; The lit - tle voice that
2. For when I read, or sing, or play, Or join in plea - sures sweet, I seem to see her

p

used to speak So sweet, so sil - v'ry soft; And now, when I am all a - lone, En-
glad and gay, And miss those lit - tle feet. Oh! it is hard to think she's gone, With

gross'd in dai - ly cares, I list - en, but 'tis all in vain, For the foot-steps on the stairs.
all her win - ning airs, To think I ne - ver more shall hear Her foot-steps on the stairs.

colla voce. *mp*

tr

espressione.

THIRD AND FOURTH VERSES.

3. Her gold - en curls still clus - ter round Her brow so white and clear; And on her face, now
4. I know her feet are walk-ing now, The shin - ing streets of heav'n; I know that to that
p
pale and cold, I've shed full ma-ny a tear; The lids have droop'd o'er those blue eyes, Death's
dear one's brow, A gold - en crown is giv'n. I'm thank-ful that she is at rest, Safe
i - cy seal is theirs; 'Tis He that has for e - ver hush'd Those foot-steps on the stairs.
from earth's sin - ful snares; Yet still I weep, and pause to hear The foot-steps on the stairs.
colla voce.
mp
espressione.

Shall we ever meet again?

Moderato. *tr* *tr*

Words and Music by FATHER REED.

PIANO, *mp espressione.* *f*

1. Shall we e - ver meet a - gain, Whis - pers through the land:
2. Oh, ye watch - ers, cease re - pin - ing, Yo shall meet a - gain;

p

Like the o - cean's gen - tle mur - - mur, Rip - pling o'er the sand;
If not here, in re - gions bright - - er, Free from mor - tal pain;

rit. *rit.* *colla voce.*

a tempo.

Friends and kin - dred, long since part - ed, Seem to hope.... in vain,
Each new bud, in fra - grance sweet - er, Leaves its mo - ther earth,

a tempo. *cres.*

rit.
That the sun-shine may, un-cloud-ed. Beam on them..... a-gain.
But the soul in wing-ing up-ward Fade-less joys..... give birth.
p
rit. colla voce.
Chorus.
Moderato.
Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor, 8ve. lower.
Bass.
Piano.
Hark! the winds are soft-ly breath-ing; Hope is not in vain,—
mf
cres.
rit.
Bright-ly beam-ing sun-shine tells us We shall meet a-gain.
rit. colla parte.

Why am I so happy?

Words by F. B. Martha, Esq. *Music by* Fredrick Widdows.

Andante, con Animato.

Piano.

p

1. Why, oh! why am I so hap - py,— So wild..... with pure de -
2. Me - thinks I see the an - gels smile, When 'at..... my fa - ther's
3. Some - times when smil - ing down on me I've heard..... a deep-drawn

p

light? And why does glad - ness beam a - round On
knee, And glow ing scenes of peace and love, They
sigh, And I have seen the pear - ly tear Stand

rit. *a tempo.*

ev - 'ry - thing.... so bright? 'Tis fa - ther's voice and bro - ther's
of - - ten whis - per me. How hap - - py, too, by mo - ther's
treinb - ling in..... her eye. She said she dream'd of fu - ture

a tempo.

smile, My sis - - ter's fond..... ca - ress, And
side, I feel so full..... of joy, When -
days, Of bliss with - out..... al - loy, And
mo - ther's kiss whene'er I kneel, Her lit - tle boy..... to bless, And
- e'er she breathes that gen - tle pray'r, To guide her lit - - tle boy! When -
pray'd that Heav'n would show-er down, Rich bless-ings on..... her boy, And
rit.
mo - ther's kiss when-e'er I kneel, Her lit - - tle boy to bless.
- e'er she breathes that gen - tle pray'r, To guide her lit - tle boy!
pray'd that Heav'n would show - er down, Rich bless - - ings on her boy.
a tempo.
rit.

The Song of the Sea-Shell.

Sung by Mr. J. W. Rawlinson, *of* Messrs. Moore, Crocker, Ritter, *and* Hamilton's *Troupe.*

Semplice e Espressivo. *Composed by* C. Converse.

Voice.
Piano.
p
1. You stoop'd and pick'd a wreath - ed shell, Be - side the shin - ing,
2 I hold the shell a - gainst my ear, And hear its hol - low,
shin - ing sea, This lit - tle shell, when I am gone, Will whis - per still of me. "I
hol - low roar: It speaks to me a - bout the sea, But speaks of you no more! I
rall.
kiss'd your hands up - on the sands, For you were kind to me!..... I kiss'd your hands up -
pace the sands and wring my hands, For you are kind no more!..... I pace the sands and
rall.
- on the sands, For you were kind to me!..... For you were kind to me!"
wring my hands, For you are kind no more!..... For you are kind no more!
rall.

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5	The winds whistle cold	17	Live, Henri Quatre
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		19	Daughter of error
7	Come, thou monarch of the vine!	20	Now to the forest we repair
8	Blow, gentle gales	21	Hail to the chief
9	Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre	22	Stay, prithee stay
10	Now tramp o'er mosa and fell	23	Good night
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7	The Erl King	37	Sigh no more ladies
8	By Celia's arbour	38	How sleep the brave
9	Hail! smiling morn	39	When winds breathe soft
10	Blow, blow, thou winter wind	40	Swiftly from the mountain
11	Peace to the souls	41	Marked you her eye
12	Five times by the taper	42	Queen of the valley
13	In the lonely vale	43	Crabbed age and youth
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15	From Oberon, in fairy land	45	When time was entwining
16	Are the white hours	46	When the toil of day is o'er
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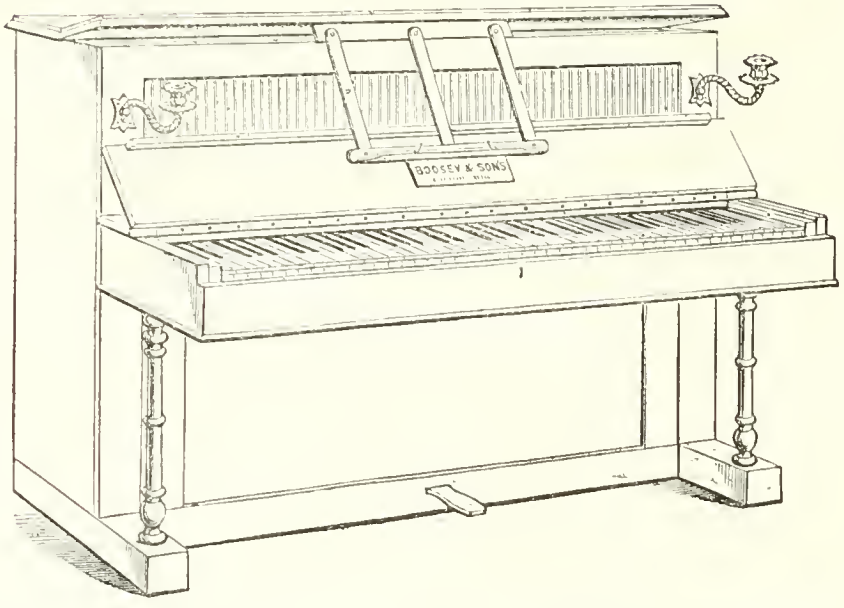

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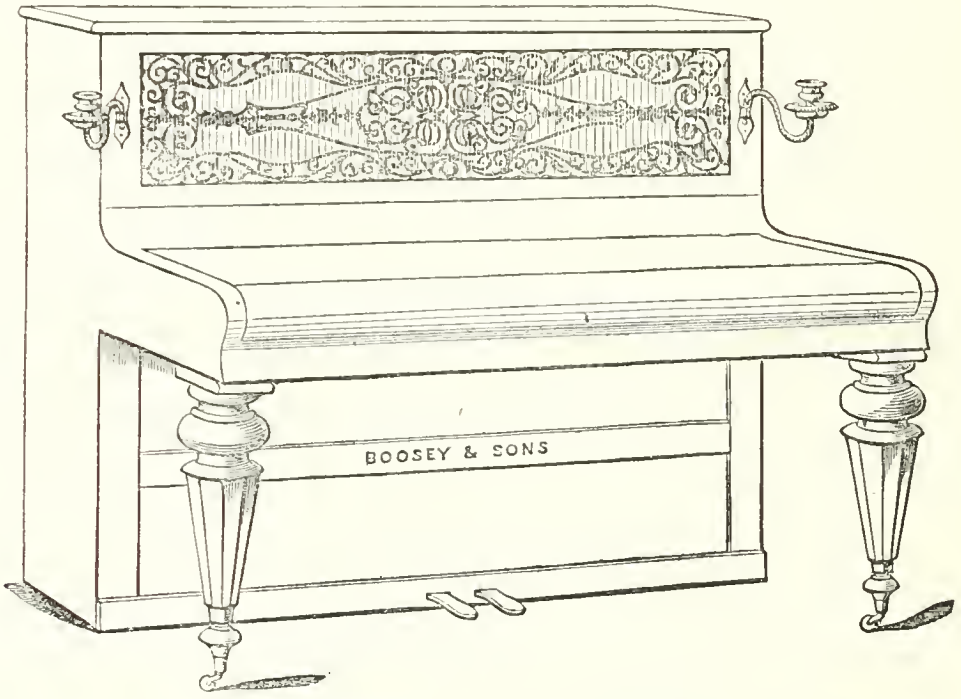

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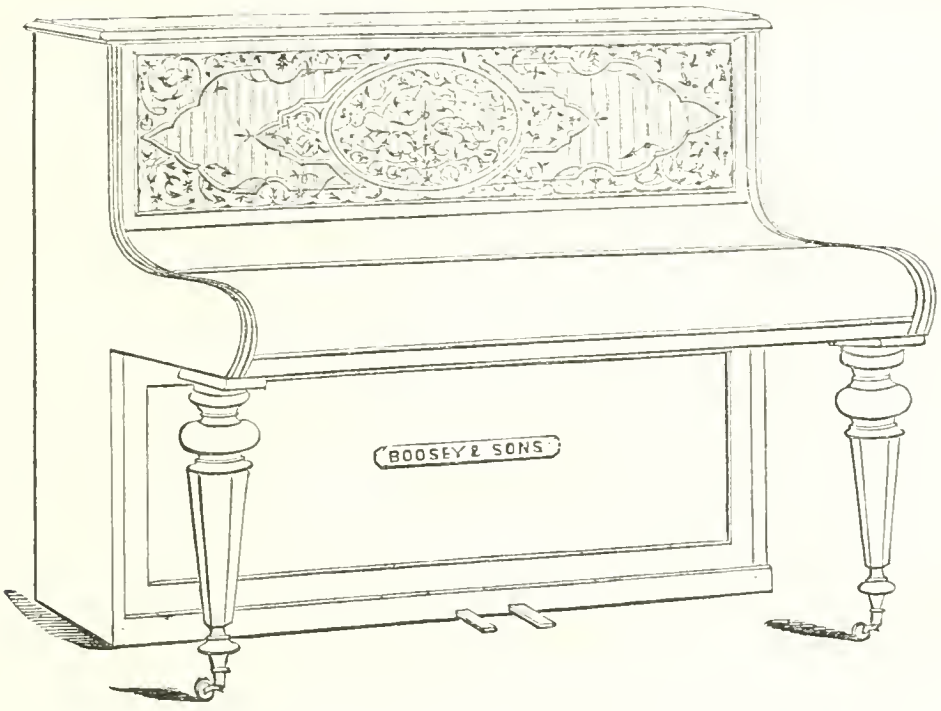

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